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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is no mere coincidence of history that the Ulstermen started their campaign at Enniskillen. They have done it with a set design. They mean all the emphasis which that name implies. Those who know anything about Irish history know what happened there, and in what movement the Inniskillings took their rise. We do not think the Ulster protest and the new bond which is called the Solemn Covenant are matters to be chirpy about; it is not a clever and promising party move at all, though party happens to be in it. It is a fierce and resolute uprising by a great mass of men who vow they will not have their lives and liberties handed over to their ancient—and their modern—enemies.

Home Rule in Ireland must light the old fires of religious and civil war—the thing is so absolutely clear that we really cannot suppose the Prime Minister will much longer hide his head in the sand—the sand which is always kept in large quantities on the field of party politics for leaders in difficulty. The ostrich policy, though in human affairs always dishonest, is certainly effective now and then. But it is too idle here; and we think that Mr. Asquith might now, without disadvantage to himself and his party prospects, admit he is aware that the Orangemen are resolved not to go in with the Nationalists. Mr. Churchill has already half admitted it by his proposal to give a Parliament to any part of the country that roughly is divisible from the other parts.

Mr. Churchill clearly can see as far as Ulster—the "modern eye" may have a bad cast in it, but it is not necessarily sightless. The worst of that eye is that when it appears to be looking fixedly in one direction it may be really intent on an object in quite another direction. When, for example, it seems to be trying to stare Mr. Bonar Law out of countenance it is really looking at North-West Manchester; when it seems intent on Ulster, who knows, it may really be intent on the member for Dundee.

Mr. Churchill may like to know that in calling first for Home Rule and then for a restoration of the Heptarchy he is merely justifying a scornful saying of Canning's. When Canning first heard of the repeal of the Union being seriously mooted in the House of Commons he remarked: "Repeal the Union?—Restore the Heptarchy!" Peel said he never forgot the tone of contempt in which Canning spoke these words.

The personal touch in politics is always effective when well done. Mr. F. E. Smith, with high spirit, has been making a series of hard-fighting speeches in the North. At Darlington he declared he was not an aristocrat by disposition or by descent; but, of the two, he much preferred the old House of Lords to the rule to-day of Mr. Redmond and the Ancient Hibernians. That was entirely an English sentiment, sensible and outright. After all, what is there to dread so greatly in a genuine coat of arms over a man's porch, or what is there to hate with such a sea-green hate in the fact of some other fellow having been blessed—or cursed—with a great-great-grandfather?

Is it not about time the Radical or the Democrat, or whatever he may be, recognised that he is not any longer under the heel of the aristocrat, if ever he has been there? If he could but glance just over his shoulder he would see with a start that he is not under the heel of the aristocrat, but just in front of the toe of some brand-new official of the Government, the tax-eating official, and that this official at any moment may kick him for all he is worth. It is bad, no doubt, to be under a heel, a real or imaginary heel—for imagination is often as bad as reality—but it may be still worse to be in front of a toe.

The cant phrase of the moment is "The Lives of the People". It is worse than "The People" and "A

Man of the People"; it is worse than "The Welfare of the Working Classes", "The Social Welfare Budget" (Mr. Ure's special favourite), "Sturdy Radical", "Honest John", "Horny-handed Sons of Labour". Directly a man talks about "touching the Lives of the People" one suspects him for the sly sentimentalist. Just now there seem to be a large and growing school of these Life-touchers who affect to care for nothing in politics but the great "vital" questions. They will have it that "mere party politics" are all dry, dead old stuff which does not matter. Let us come, they say, to actualities, to realities. Let us get at Life.

They have been holding forth in the Press about Midlothian; and they warn the Liberals and they warn the Tories that "The Future" is not with party politicians at all, but with those who will grapple with the vast problems of the Health and Happiness of the Community, Sir. Of course, it is little more than the old familiar Dickens impostor brought up to date, but now and then one lights on an original or uncommon specimen. Such a specimen, who parades in the double rôle of Life-toucher and Liberal, was holding forth in the "Westminster Gazette" the other day in the correspondence column "Midlothian and the Future". He signed himself "Midlothian Liberal Elector", and in one and the same sentence managed to say that the Government need not be downcast by the election result, for Midlothian at the General Election will be solid for the Government—"only we wish to see the Government dealing with matters that really touch the lives of the people": the Government is not to deal with "academic questions like Welsh Disestablishment".

We looked with interest to see what comment the "Westminster Gazette" would have to make on this letter; it had, however, no comment, and perhaps this was not surprising. What in the world is the Government to do when it is told that Midlothian will be all right and will come back, only the Government must get rid of its "academic" habit? If Welsh Disestablishment is academic, so surely are Home Rule, Plural Voting, the House of Lords question; and what if the Government put aside all these academic questions and get straight to work on the "vital" questions, the life-touching questions that alone concern the health and happiness etc.? Will "Midlothian Liberal Elector" guarantee that the academic Welsh Disestablishers and the academic Irish Nationalists and the rest of the log-rolling academic brotherhood will not put the Government aside?

The truth is most of the kicking against "mere party politics", against the alleged perfect understanding between the Front Treasury Bench and the Front Opposition Bench, and so on and so on, is largely the business of people who are not in the "swim", and despair of ever getting there. Parliament is not too popular with the masses, but this kind of thing is known to be humbug in the main, for no sooner do the people who wish to touch life and the people who desire—worst humbug, perhaps, of all—a great party on "National" lines get into the swim at all than they forget all about their past cries. The thing is as old as history. There were probably people who talked about touching life and forming a patriotic National party soon after the start of civilisation.

Mr. Outhwaite has now been flung overboard from the cranky Government ship, and the man who has flung him is Mr. Ure. Thus most fitly has it fallen to the official wild man of the Liberal party to tackle the unofficial wild man. Mr. Ure will have nothing to do with the single tax. His objection to it is characteristic. He does not, so far as one can gather, object to Mr. Outhwaite's plan because that plan is practically confiscation: he objects to it because it will release a number of other people than landowners from paying other taxes. So Mr. Ure is for making short work of Mr. Outhwaite. When Ures and Outhwaites fall out, there is a chance for honest men to keep a little of their own.

The Irish Nationalists, under Mr. T. W. Russell, continue to insist that England's duty is to receive Irish cattle and damn the consequences. The Nationalists, in this business of foot-and-mouth disease, are behaving, literally, like madmen. Experts in mental disease have isolated a particular form of insanity which they describe as "persecution" mania. People afflicted with persecution mania believe that the whole world is against them; that they are the innocent object of a tremendous conspiracy. Shakespeare divined the working of this malady before the scientists had discovered or named it. "The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart, see they bark at me." The Nationalist orators have come actually to believe: (1) that foot-and-mouth disease was planted in Ireland by the English Board of Agriculture; (2) that there is no foot-and-mouth disease in Ireland, but that the English Board of Agriculture is shutting British ports merely to injure the Irish farmer.

Mr. Runciman must be carefully watched that he stand firm, for the pressure may be greater than this Government can bear. We have here quite the most heartless and the silliest political outcry that a party has yet raised in this country. It is plain to the least critical observer that the English farmer suffers from the embargo quite as much as the Irish farmer: it will be to him even more ruinous than the disasters of harvest. No one—British farmers least of all—has suggested that the embargo should be maintained for a day longer than is necessary. Surely Mr. Runciman and the veterinary experts should have been left absolutely alone to deal with this very difficult situation. But Irishmen, mad with politics, think that England only cares to be a thorn in the flank of Ireland. Otherwise they must see the embargo is still absolutely necessary. Mr. Russell was compelled on Wednesday to admit that a fresh outbreak of disease had been discovered at Kildare. Mr. Runciman, in fact, has yielded to the extreme limit of safety.

Trade unionists are now quite definitely committed to war à outrance with the big insurance companies. They accept it as proven that the companies have robbed them of their members by falsely asserting that trade unions would not be able to act as approved societies under the Insurance Act. Doubtless unscrupulous agents of the big companies have improved their opportunities; and the Government has helped them by trying to hustle people untimely into immediately joining the first society that offered. The trade unions are in at least one way severely hit by National Insurance. They have definitely lost the men who might have been persuaded to join a trade union simply for its benefits. These men have been collected in great numbers by the big insurance companies. Labour newspapers are full of a subject that practically matters a good deal to Labour politicians. Labour men divide insurance societies into two classes—small societies run by themselves, and big societies run by capitalists. They would suspect the capitalist societies of cheating them even if they got more for their money than from their own people.

Unity House is not behaving "as sich". On the contrary, it is besieged by picketers far from peaceful, and thirsting for victory and revenge on the officials of the society. And these picketers are of the same household of faith and trade unionism, and they are prepared to pull down Unity House in rage against the tyranny of their employers, the Trade Union leaders, whose rapacity and exploitation of labour they declare is unexampled even by the very railway companies.

Unity House employs casual labour, just as the railways and the docks do. It is the labour of casual clerks, to whom the bosses of Unity House will not pay the equal rates for equal work that they pay to the "qualified" clerks. When the casuals protested they

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were dismissed, and they began to picket; and to the demand for apologies as a condition of reinstatement they have responded by devising measures for getting rid of the bosses themselves. Some of them are chairmen of the branch societies, and to these very branches the bosses have applied for clerks to take the place of the casuals. They have brought in outside labour to break the strike just as if they were arrogant capitalists. The chairmen casuals are now pulling the strings of the societies to depose the bosses.

Here is a novel labour war, the leaders of labour being accused by labour of tyranny to labour. It has often been said that the workman who becomes an employer is hardest to those who work for him. This is precisely what the casual clerks are saying of the railway leaders, who lately were loud with denunciations of the companies. Of course, the labour bosses do not like to be beaten by mere casuals; what self-respecting employer of labour does? But we wonder the society has allowed the affair to go so far. The engineer hoist with his own petard is a joke that the least humorous enjoys, and this is plainly the ridiculous position of Unity House.

Till we are in possession of the official report of the conference which met on Thursday it is impossible to offer any opinion as to the value or "utility" of the Army Manœuvres. But at least it may be said that aeroplanes have introduced quite a new feature into modern war. Apparently the situation became so perplexing on Wednesday, and units were so inextricably mixed up together, that a continuation of the operations became an impossibility. It seems, however, that the information obtained by the airmen had the effect of causing the two forces to join close issue earlier than would otherwise have been the case, although even under the new conditions it was on several occasions demonstrated that surprises were still possible.

Especial interest certainly seems to have been taken in the manœuvres this year, possibly to some extent because the King was present, and aeroplanes were being used. Apart from this, however, they took place over the ground where real warfare may take place if ever this country is again subjected to the experience of a real invasion. The scheme was realistic enough. An invading army was supposed to have landed on our Eastern shores, and the defending army under Sir James Grierson was charged with the task of defending the capital. The opposing commanders are not very well known to the public; but Sir Douglas Haig played an important part in the South African campaign as Chief Staff Officer to Sir John French's cavalry division. Sir James Grierson, although he has held no command in the field so far, is very highly thought of, and possesses probably more decorations than any other officer in the Army with the exception of Lord Wolseley.

An interesting feature of the operations has been that the Director-in-Chief is not, as hitherto, the Inspector-General, but the Chief of the Imperial General Staff. This is no doubt sound, considering the present personnel in high places; and no man, of course, is fitter to direct than Sir John French. But we always imagined that the chief value of an Inspector-General was that he would be ready at hand to take command of any big expeditionary force we might have to despatch, without disturbing the existing organisation of the War Office or the commands. Presumably it is now intended that Sir John French, and not Sir Charles Douglas—the Inspector-General—should command in the field, no doubt a very sound decision. But in a great national crisis the Chief of the Staff should be at the War Office, and there would be little left for the Inspector-General to do. The remedy is—let our next Inspector-General be a man of war.

We are told to admire without understanding the suicide of General Nogi. This is a sort of mot d'ordre of leading articles. It is unintelligible if we look for an analogy to the Duke of Wellington committing suicide on the death of William IV. It is not quite so unintelligible if we go further back and refer to our own ancestors. They used to do many things similar to those we have been reading of in the accounts of the funeral ceremonies of the Mikado. When the Chief died, his followers often took the opportunity of departing with him, that their spirits might attend in the other world on their master in this. Everything connected with the funeral of the Mikado, his bier, the carriage on which it was drawn, and the temporary building in which the body lay, were burned as the ship of the Viking was burned; the wife often committed suicide under the same order of ideas as those which made the Indian wife, until a late date, commit herself to her husband's funeral pyre.

General Nogi inherited very much the same kind of tradition. The Mikado was an incarnation of deity, as the ruler of his country, in a more particular sense than General Nogi or any other man was an incarnation. The religious devotion to such a person, combined with the extraordinary loyalty to superiors which feudalism fosters, made it as natural that he and his ancestors should sacrifice themselves at his tomb as they would have sacrificed themselves during his life. The suicide seems purposeless to us because we have not General Nogi's conception of his Emperor. Granted this, the self-sacrifice was natural; and even we are not yet so materialistic as to condemn suicide when a sufficiently worthy idea for us is to be maintained. Curtius leaping into the gulf is a symbol of patriotism in many of its forms which we could all approve; though none of us, however great patriots we be, would sacrifice ourselves precisely in this manner because such an act has no meaning to our religion or superstition; but it had for Curtius; and a similarly meaningless act to us was natural for Nogi.

In Japan the act is becoming strange with the weakening of the hold that the old Shintoism and feudalism have on the ruling classes. It was still possible to Nogi because he held the antique military tradition of the Shogun period more strongly than most. Another theory is that a certain mental failure prevented the restraint of the more modern ideas—that he had fallen in some degree into a premature senility, and that, as he said, "he had lost his nerve". The death of his two sons extinguished his family. His personal troubles alone would once have excused suicide in countries not sufficiently far East to be quoted as anomalous to the West. Nogi's suicide from this cause seems not so unintelligible when we remember Greek and Roman writers. It is only a sort of unintelligibility like duelling to an Englishman, which is perfectly intelligible to a German or a Frenchman.

The newspapers have been enlivened, or perhaps depressed, during the week by a fusillade of advice or menace to Italy by the German Press. It is represented to her that the resolution of the French Government to transfer the whole of their fleet to the Mediterranean is a threat to her security. The Italians are very astute diplomatists, and are not likely to be misled in regard to their own interests. Whatever they may do they will not allow themselves to be made the policemen of Germany in southern waters. A Radical journalist here is incensed at the new attempt to "surround Germany". This is nonsense, but it will not do to tell us, on the other hand, that there is no close working agreement between France and ourselves.

We have had some very precise statements of late as to the proposed peace terms between Italy and Turkey, but there is nothing very substantial though an agreement seems in the air. We were reminded on Thursday that there was a war in progress by the report of very severe fighting at Derna. A serious attack was made by Arabs under Enver Bey and supported by artillery. The fighting lasted eight

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hours, and the Italians lost 61 killed and 113 wounded. It is alleged that the Arabs' loss amounted to 1000 killed and a large number wounded, but this is surely a very dubious estimate.

At all events this piece of news shows, whatever deductions in estimates are to be made, that the Arabs have still plenty of fight left in them. This is admitted to have been the second biggest battle of the war, and even the patriotic Press in Italy now admits that the war will not be at an end when peace is officially signed. To subdue the hinterland of Tripoli will require years of guerilla fighting. It is amusing to recall the great excitement caused in Rome one evening last April by the precise announcement of Enver Bey's death.

The "Times" on Thursday had an interesting but very grave telegram from their extremely well-informed correspondent at Sofia. Naturally enough, Bulgaria is not satisfied with the very vague proposals made by Count Berchtold. Austria, in case her advice is not heeded, would probably occupy the Sandjak, and this would be resisted by Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro. In any case, when they know the nature of the proposals they, together with Greece, will formulate their own. Then the real danger will arise. Bulgaria is sore because Europe refuses to take her at her proper value. In any case, the misdeeds of Turkey and the inaction of the Powers must soon have deplorable results.

Quite the most offensive habit of the Censor of Plays is his eagerness to shirk the responsibilities of his office. It is his settled policy to avoid, if it is possible, the odium of actually refusing to license a play; and it is his favourite device, when a play has been submitted, to negotiate privately for its withdrawal with the interested parties. As was explained to the Joint Select Committee of 1909, no one in these circumstances need be any the wiser. So long as the author will casually admit that his play is indecent or otherwise improper for the stage, the Lord Chamberlain will consent to say nothing about it, and the author may retire with an unblemished reputation. It seems, from a small paragraph in the "Times" this week, that the Censor has changed none of his insolent and slovenly habits since the Select Committee recommended him to do so. On Monday we learned that he had refused to license Miss Gwen Johns' "Edge o' Dark". But on Tuesday a contradiction issued from the Lord Chamberlain's office. "Edge o' Dark" was not refused a licence: it was merely "withdrawn".

Mr. Granville Barker began his confessions to a "Pall Mall" representative rather well. He has only cut eight lines of "The Winter's Tale"; and he has really felt that an Elizabethan theatre might conceivably be a good setting for an Elizabethan play. As to the rest of the interview, we would like to believe he was misreported. According to his interpreter, Mr. Barker did some thinking about "The Winter's Tale". He "saw that it afforded excellent opportunities, and had many good points in it". There are, it seems, "three first-class parts and quite a number of very good ones". Shakespeare, in fact, will do—as Sir Herbert Tree has already discovered and maintained. No one need allow himself to be put off Mr. Barkèr's production by the tone of these remarks. Mr. Barker is not a jaunty man.

The time for inquiry into the causes of the terrible accident at Ditton is not yet. The superintendent of the line has already reported that it was due to excessive speed on a line intended only for slow traffic; but horror and pity hardly yet allow the lawful but comparatively selfish curiosity which desires to know if and how these things may in future be foreseen and prevented. Help was fortunately not far to seek; and no one can fail to be struck with the swiftness and dexterity with which all things possible were done for the comfort and rescue of the passengers.

THE CABINET OF CHAOS.

LAST week Mr. Churchill threw out a small thing, but his own, it seems, for the re-establishment of the Heptarchy. When a leading member of a Government with a reputation for not sticking at trifles starts constitution-mongering on an heroic scale a little excitement would seem in place. There has been no excitement. Mr. Churchill has followed all too faithfully in the steps of the Abbé Sieyès, the latest of his many masters in political wisdom, and even his own followers have only thought him worthy of indulgent neglect. Of his colleagues, Mr. Herbert Samuel has honoured the Heptarchy with a reference. He seems to have first heard of it through the newspapers, like the general public, and being a matter-of-fact Minister he lost no time in making it clear that the plan bore no relation to the facts of Ministerial policy. After that need we trouble our heads about it more?

But we have some reason for troubling our heads about Mr. Churchill's conception of his position. Mr. Churchill is a member of the Government, and there are moments when he reminds us that he speaks for the Government. His addresses on naval policy are in the highest degree official. When he introduces estimates he is careful to warn the House against believing stories of Cabinet disputes. The Government ask for money as a Government through the mouth of the head of the Department concerned, and so on. It is all sound constitutional doctrine, to be justified by masses of quotation from any of the text-books, and we have no fault to find with it. But why is it so limited in its application? Why should Mr. Churchill speak for the Government when he talks about naval policy and for himself when he talks about constitutional policy? It is a strange new theory of Cabinet responsibility which is here exemplified. Ministers have a collective mind to a certain extent. Each Minister speaks for the Government when he is discussing matters connected with his own department. But, bar this limitation, he is free. He can speak as he chooses upon things in general, and when the topic of his choice trenches upon the province of another Minister, that Minister need not be consulted beforehand. It is all a practical application of the Federalism so dear to Mr. Churchill's heart. The Cabinet, according to the new theory, is no organic unit. It is a federation for special purposes, and outside those purposes its members have unimpeded freedom of action.

All this cuts clean across the Victorian Cabinet theory. As the private papers of the period become available, it becomes clear that while the idea of collective responsibility was tolerably strong at the time of the Queen's accession, her own action did much to fix it. The Queen's position was perfectly simple. All Government, she held, was carried on in her name. Ministers spoke for her, and if they were not absolutely at one she was made to contradict herself and the monarchy was brought into ridicule. It was in accord with this that she refused to allow junior members of the Ministry, not in the Cabinet, ever to go into the Lobby against the Government. The matter caused some comment in its day, junior Ministers occasionally protesting against the idea that they were bound to support a policy of which they had heard nothing until it was announced in Parliament. But the Queen stood firm, and the leading Parliamentarians supported her. Even disagreements in Cabinet were not brought to her notice unless they were likely to result in resignations.

The new practice flatly negatives the old theory, and it is very pertinent to ask what the Prime Minister thinks of it. For the idea of collective responsibility could never have become dominant if the Cabinet had lacked a head. A Cabinet of members all of equal status would always have regarded itself as a federation. It was Ministers like Walpole and Pitt who, by steadily asserting a gradual control over the whole field of policy, transformed the federation into a unity. Mr. Asquith has apparently acquiesced in a much narrower view of the Prime Minister's office. It

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is noteworthy that when one of the wild men in the Ministry puts out a new idea, questions are at once addressed to the Premier. Does he accept the scheme or does he not? If he does, it is a part of the Government's policy. If he does not, it is merely an individual will o' the wisp. The new land campaign has thrown instructive light on the workings of this system. First the Chancellor laid his plans. Then he seized hold of the machine and ran two of his young men into the House of Commons. Finally when he was quite ready and had a good backing of opinion behind him he attacked the Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith was obviously helpless. Resistance would certainly break up the Government, surrender might hold it together. Mr. Asquith chose the less immediate danger and swallowed the new scheme. The whole episode is worth careful contrast with Mr. Chamberlain's attitude towards his chief in 1903.

But it would not be fair to say that Mr. Asquith has destroyed the old theory of collective responsibility. Its destruction has become manifest in his time, but the tendency has been developing for a generation or more. There was an unauthorised programme in the 'eighties, and twenty years before Mr. Gladstone himself was the enfant terrible of the Palmerston administration. But whereas former Premiers fought against the disruptive movement, Mr. Asquith has encouraged it. It has obvious advantages for a Government that is losing ground. Suppose a by-election goes badly. What better than that the country's attention should be diverted to something else, and what more effective red herring than some revolutionary suggestion which commits nobody save the Minister responsible, and not even him if he be adroit enough? If, for example, the Unionist press attacks the Heptarchy policy instead of dwelling upon Midlothian, so much the better for the Government.

We may grant, too, that Cabinet unity becomes harder to maintain as time goes on. There is the obvious point that the scope of Government action is becoming steadily wider and thus gives more room for divergencies of view. But the real explanation of the change lies not in policy but in men. The Cabinet was composed of gentlemen—in the public school sense—until long after 1832. As such it had an ultimate unity of sentiment. It may acquire similar unity again when all the gentlemen have been driven out; for a modern trade union is a tolerably autocratic institution, and Australian Labour Ministers are true to the trade union spirit. But in the meantime our Cabinets, and especially our Radical Cabinets, are mixed bodies, and some allowance must be made for this. It is not to be expected that men like Sir Edward Grey and Mr. George, or Lord Morley and Mr. John Burns, who are poles asunder by temperament and education, should not reveal occasional differences of point of view. But it is to be expected that every effort should be made to conceal such differences. And here we come to the root of the evil. Ministers do not try to speak alike and think alike. The modern way is just the opposite. Cabinet rank is of value as giving opportunities not for self-suppression but for self-assertion. The pushing young politician of the day always wants to see his own name in the papers. He is anxious that the public should look beyond the Cabinet and watch his personal antics, and when he has a little idea of his own he does not think it out quietly and quietly talk it over with his colleagues. He keeps it for a platform speech where he has the floor to himself and all the reporters are present.

All this may be convenient for a Minister on the make, but it is very bad for the country. There is no longer a Government, with prestige and tradition; there is only a gang of individuals united for certain special purposes, but generally tumbling over one another in the race for notoriety. No wonder that this or that interest—the doctors, the suffragettes, the trade unionists—defies a law which displeases it. For law has lost its sanction. A modern law does not represent the reasoned opinion of the community; it is only a bargain made between the leaders of factions. That is why laws, which ought to hold a State together, are now chiefly notable for their disruptive effects. This state of affairs must continue until a Cabinet again becomes something more than the occasional sum of its constituent parts, and when the next Unionist Cabinet sets itself to restore the Constitution it had better begin by getting a clear idea of its own proper function.

AFTER MIDLOTHIAN.

PUTTING aside the enthusiasts whose happy temperament thankfully accepts results without question, what is the lesson of Midlothian and other recent by-elections? Annoyance with the Government and their ways is obvious. To begin with, the House of Commons has drooped in respect, and many people are now asking themselves whether politics can ever offer any real solution of human difficulties. Clearly the country has had an overdose of legislation, or in the smug phrasing of the Lord Advocate, the electors are tired of the "well-doing" of the Government. There is a growing feeling, too, that on the Government side of the House the caucus screw has been turned to such an extent that independence, unless it goes beyond the official programme, is dead. The moderate man has been so much talked about that one might almost be forgiven for doubting his existence. Yet he is here, and his attitude will determine the next election. The moderate man likes to observe the rules of the game. The Radicals may disfranchise the universities, destroy the plural vote, ruin the last landowner, and offer the electors their final bribe; but in the end, by the mere impulse to give the other side a turn of office, the moderate man will swing over to the Opposition and turn the Government out. The bidding for votes has reached a limit in the land campaign of Mr. Outhwaite; and the Government now sees with dismay that already their best weapon is blunted with use. Their further efforts will be weighted with the sense of political dismay with which every Government must struggle when the tide is against them. Every "Reform" Bill has historically proved that mere disfranchisement of electors by a Government in its own interest cannot save it from a return of its opponents. Abolition of plural voting can no more ultimately save this Government than land-taxes and supertaxes. Opposition begins to extend almost as soon as a Government is firmly seated, and inevitably as a party exhausts its programme this feeling grows stronger in the electorate.

The active presence of Labour still further complicates the situation. Nothing comes more easily than the Government Press cant of "splitting the progressive vote". No one is really deceived, and those who have any experience of recent by-elections know that the Labour man has pulled almost as much from the Unionist as from the Government side. Moreover, the Labour vote is less important than Labour men like to imagine. But negligible as this vote may be it has to be reckoned with. By-elections are the happy hunting-ground of the Labour party; they can demonstrate at little expense and at the same time, like the suffrage women, apply all their energy at one point. In spite of tall talk, we do not believe that a General Election will see any great increase either in the number of Labour candidates or in their poll. The movement, as a party factor, is rather at a standstill, and unless there is another big upheaval based on wages and conditions of labour, will probably for the present lose ground. Then in the main the fight will be between the two traditional parties.

The response to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's appeal to prejudice was rapid, and for a time telling. Lethargy on the one side and active irritation on the other have now succeeded. The ordinary man, whether Liberal or Unionist, or neither, is disturbed and often alarmed. The smaller people are beginning to discover that the special taxation on land, so vehemently canvassed by the Radical extremists and never really disavowed by the Government, is already seriously affecting the value of their friendly, insur-

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ance, and building society investments. There is a widespread feeling of uneasiness, annoyance and irritation. In no single case has the political interference of Ministers in labour disputes had any material effect. The rise in wages and the betterment of conditions are due to economic causes, inevitable in the changed circumstances of the times and independent of politics. So the friends of the people, many of them the richest —but landless—place-hunters of the day, stand at the bar of public opinion.

The opportunity of the Unionist party is unique. There is no need to compete in a wild race of legislation. The country wants to do its business, and no longer to be worried by ceaseless experiment. Often we are told that unless a party has a definite programme it has little chance of returning to power. People go mad about programmes. One grows sick of the word—it is almost as bad as "program". The biggest task before the party to-day is to preserve its own existence, so to close its ranks that the wild tide of prejudice and class hatred may be rolled back for a generation, to be bold enough to tell the people that what England really wants is not so much new legislation as quiet progress, the fostering of trade and the binding together of all our Colonies into an Empire one day commercially and politically to be self-contained. That may be an ideal, but working towards it will appeal to the present temper of the people. We have to make them thoroughly understand the grip the caucus has on the Government party, how independence has gone and how we have exchanged for the old alleged omnipotence of the House of Lords the tyranny of Cabinet autocracy, with more than a suspicion of political jobbery.

To win the next election, the Unionist party must do even better than at the recent by-elections. The increase in the Unionist vote has been steady, but not large. The marked characteristic has been the drop in the Government poll.

In these days of crisis one might reasonably expect to see every Unionist at work. Unfortunately, this is not so. There are still many Unionists holding important local party positions doing far less than they should. The touch between our party leaders and their parliamentary followers is now close and sympathetic. In the constituencies we need the same sympathy and the same closeness of touch between the local leaders and those who work with them. Disagreement and some recrimination there may be. That is inevitable: but, at any rate, it is a sign of life. But the work, to be of use, must be started now and pushed forward with ceaseless vigour. Time after time we hear the same story. Followers anxious to be led, and leaders too apathetic or too idle to do their work. The two wings of the Unionist party are now finally fused. Is it too soon to ask that the many separate organisations which are working on behalf of the party should be brought under one roof and one head? The gain in efficiency would be incalculable, and the immediate result in the constituencies all to the good. For this consolidation we know there is very strong support. Wounded susceptibilities and a few vested interests ought not to stand in the way of so obvious a reform.

COUNT NOGI.

IT is easy enough to moralise over the death of Count Nogi, but, to Western minds, almost impossible to explain it. At the time of King George's Coronation his figure became familiar to the English public. Like the great Duke of Wellington, the keynote of his life was simplicity. "Fencing and playing with children" he gave in a Japanese "Who's Who" as his principal recreation. Probably he was, a week ago, the greatest living General. He had twice taken in great wars one of the strongest fortresses in the world. He has been described by a distinguished and experienced British General as "a man of great nobility of character, endowed with a philosophic heroism which penetrates through the mild dignity of his manners and appearance". He was therefore not in the least the kind of person who would be likely to desire a sensational euthanasia. The traditions of a thousand years of nobility and self-restraint in the pursuit of an ideal would not have deserted him in the last moments of an illustrious career. From his own point of view he must have had good reason for what he did. The difficulty is to grasp the point of view. It is not easy to connect it with any European ideals as to how it is fit and proper for the great to act in order to set an example to the world. Nor can this suicide be attributed to any doctrine inculcated by the teachings of Buddha, to which the highest Japanese characters owe their capacity "to master regret, to endure pain and to accept as eternal law the vanishing of things loved".

Of one thing we may be certain—General Nogi would have done nothing he could have considered unworthy of his race or his high destiny. On the contrary, in ending his own life and allowing his wife to accompany him to the shades he has performed the crowning act of a great career according to the ancient ideas of his own country. Modern Japanese newspapers profess to be shocked, but we greatly doubt if the mass of Japanese opinion is with them, though there has been no instance of this particular kind of self-immolation for more than fifty years. This is evident from the remarkable demonstrations of regret at the funeral. The general sentiment of the country quite clearly is that he acted on the highest principle and has done something to recall to the minds of a generation tending to forget them the ideals which have made the Japanese people a great and conquering race.

We are accustomed to accept the Stoic as the example of the highest capacity to master man's natural fears and emotion by the force of the will. But, in reading the arguments by which Seneca, for instance, tried to justify a voluntary departure from life, we are conscious the whole time that he is working himself up to the point. When he saw his doom inevitable he took his own life. Other Stoics opened their veins because they were sick of life or found it too disgraceful a thing to go on living under masters who were more than half lunatics. But the whole of General Nogi's life forbids our attributing his suicide to tædium vitæ. It is true that he had lost his two sons in battle, and with his wife his family becomes extinct, but we do not believe that mere human regret for children or Emperor induced the catastrophe. The traditions of the Samurai inculcate that suicide may often be the highest form of self-sacrifice, and there have been countless instances of such self-immolation where the victims certainly had no natural longing to get rid of their existence because for some reason or other it had become wearisome. What was to the Stoic a mere ἐξαγωγή or "way out" became for the Japanese aristocrat of the old school a duty to be cheerfully performed as evidence of his own mastery over the baser emotions and a lesson to his fellows of the necessity of self-sacrifice for the sake of the nation and its ruler. To Western ideas this all seems so unnecessary and therefore unsatisfactory that it becomes incomprehensible, but this only shows that the Oriental mind is not to be understood or our reasoning about it to be directed in the same fashion that we should adopt in reasoning about the acts of Englishmen or even the Ancients. It also makes supremely ridiculous the patronising talk which was once so common about the "gallant little Japs". It may help us to understand that a Japanese alliance is a very complex matter, and that, if we think we are conferring a great favour on the other party in making the arrangement, they on their side may take a very different view of matters. In fact, it is clear enough that, while our allies have a very high opinion of the utilitarian value of quick-firing guns, they have a very poor opinion of our civilisation and recognise no real brotherhood with us. They are too courteous to say what they really think of us, but probably they have no very exalted idea of the English nation's devotion to duty. Western ideas of culture and duty have made no deep impression on the Japanese mind and heart. If they understand them they despise them,

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and our inbred convictions are mutually incomprehensible, for they are founded on traditions which have no common factor. Western influence is in antagonism to the Japanese nature, and their most distinguished men who have been through a European training are the least likely to absorb Western views.

And, indeed, though most people forget it, how absurd it is to imagine that fifty years' superficial inculcation of European notions could sweep away the enduring results of a thousand years' moral teaching. One of the most striking and formidable theories held by all thinking Japanese is the small importance of the individual man both from the public and the private standpoint. In private life in comparison with the family, in public life as compared with the State. This ruthless sacrifice of the individual has almost become an impossibility in the Western world. It may be from one point of view consistent with our religious theories, but it is certainly wholly repugnant to our modern culture. Carried to such lengths as it is in Japan it is undoubtedly quite inconsistent with the theory we are from our youth up taught to hold by our pastors and masters as to the sacredness of human life. But this view can have no meaning to a Japanese. The worship of ancestors, which is the deification of the family, merges the individual in the history of the race of which he is a member, and he is taught so to act as to reflect the greatest credit on his ancestors. All this is the result of the hereditary sense of honour brought to an extreme refinement of perfection by many centuries passed under a military despotism. This particular kind of aristocratic discipline still remains though the class which brought it to perfection has lost its power as the result of revolutions which occurred well within the memory of many still living. All the authority and prestige of the State is now centred in the Emperor, and he can say with much greater truth than Louis XIV. "I am the State".

At the time of the Dreyfus case patriotic Frenchmen explained their attitude, which Englishmen often found it difficult to understand, by pointing out that they had not, as we or the Germans have, some hereditary ruler who was so identified with the life and history of the nation as to stand for the personality of the State itself and thus gather to himself the uncontested homage of all. The army was to France what the King was to us. Therefore anyone who assailed the honour of the army was tarnishing the good fame of France herself. But in Japan the Emperor now embodies in his own person all authority and tradition. He has absorbed the ancient prestige of the military caste even more effectually than le roi Soleil gathered into his grasp the power of the nobles and in time came to express as it were the personality of the nation before the world. Though never displaying his splendour before his own nation and the world like the French king, the Japanese sovereign touches far more deeply the religious and patriotic sentiment of his own people, and this for a cause that is obvious when explained. The strangest thing to a foreigner in the general aspect of Japan is its capacity for rapid change. Its cities are rebuilt once in a generation, and since its written history began the country has already had sixty capitals. All political offices, great and small, change hands with amazing rapidity. Amid these constantly shifting surroundings the Emperor alone remains immovable, and therefore for this one cause may well command respect. With the recent story of his career in our minds it is unnecessary to point out why the late Emperor was for his own personal qualities particularly entitled to reverence. General Nogi's deed might therefore to a Japanese warrior, steeped in all the traditions of his class, well appear a meritorious sacrifice. Not the least touching part of this pathetic story is the courtesy with which he apologises to Prince Arthur of Connaught for the abrupt fashion in which he has abandoned the duty of attendance upon him. Since Charles II. asked to be pardoned for taking so long in dying there has hardly been a nicer sense of courtesy shown at the supreme moment. This at all events is a trait which Europeans can understand and applaud. It may be, as some appear to believe, that Count Nogi desired to impress upon his fellow countrymen the necessity of maintaining the military ideals which he thought were less studiously maintained than they were. This is a problem impossible for a European to solve, as the Japanese attitude towards life itself is difficult for us to grasp. How far the East is from the West is admirably shown in Sir Valentine Chirol's letter in the "Times" recounting the last hours of Lo Fung Lun, a Chinese diplomat steeped in Western learning, yet passing away amid the incantations of a medicine man. "I thought you might like to see", he said, "how a Chinaman, steeped in Western science, philosophy and literature, dies, a Chinaman." And what more is there to say of Count Nogi save that he died as became a Japanese nobleman of the old school?

THE AEROPLANE IN WAR.

WHEN an aeroplane falls several hundred feet the fragments are of little assistance in guiding even experts as to the cause of the disaster; and they are left wondering. In most cases they cannot be put down to the inexperience or fault of the pilot. What greater expert, for instance, could there be than Lieutenant Hotchkiss on a Bristol monoplane? In future in all military mishaps special official inquiries will be held by the authorities of the Royal Flying Corps; but it is a question how far they will be able in such circumstances to add directly to our knowledge or assist us to prevent similar accidents in the future.

After the disasters of late the monoplane is out of favour, though many of the leading authorities hold that it is no more dangerous in expert hands than the biplane. However, the monoplane has been sent to the hangar during the present manœuvres until further notice by the Army authorities, and pending a report from the Royal Physical Laboratory. To be on the safe side is only wise and right in time of peace, especially as, judging by the recent tests on Salisbury Plain, there is really but little to choose between the biplane and the monoplane in actual efficiency. The French War Office took a precisely similar step only a few months ago in order to strengthen the surfaces of the monoplanes in use against the strain of wind pressure from above, of which M. Blériot had discovered the danger. No harm can be done by this withdrawal of the monoplane pending a report of the Royal Physical Laboratory. It will continue to be used by civilian airmen, but the biplane only will, for an indefinite period, be adopted in France as well as this country for military purposes. This, however, is a point upon which it is impossible at the present stage for anyone to dogmatise. With the increase in strength and weight-carrying powers of aeroplanes even the necessity of the rotary engine is being called into question. Although we have made such extraordinary strides in some directions during the last three or four years, we are still actually very little nearer the aeroplane as a practical everyday vehicle, and we must not allow ourselves to imagine that we have reached perfection, as some enthusiasts in their eagerness would almost have us believe.

There is yet no security of flight. These accidents bring us face to face with reality. As a nation, collectively and individually, we feel keenly the loss of these brave men who "fly when they are ordered" because it is their duty; but assuredly, as each one applies to be appointed to the Royal Flying Corps, he does so with the full knowledge of what may befall him at any moment. Time will undoubtedly bring greater safety, even as safety has increased during the last three years; and the great thing in this stage of evolution, especially such rapid evolution, is not to lose sense of proportion. Anything hysterical or reactionary must be avoided. Such accidents are the inevitable toll of progress, and the number who have lost their lives in the dangerous cause of the conquest of the air is comparatively small. Naturally, with the enormous increase of airmen and machines, the number has increased, but not out of

ratio; and it is most unfortunate that of late the Army has suddenly been called upon to suffer so heavily just when its new fighting arm has been successfully started. This must not be allowed to act as a set-back at the very time when personal enthusiasm and public opinion have won through against the barricade of official prejudice, which at one time appeared impenetrable. These officers who have sacrificed their lives would be the last to encourage any hesitation in their successors. Whatever the future of the aeroplane in other directions, it has unquestionably a great future in warfare, as it has already proved.

After the tests of Salisbury Plain and the manœuvres this week, we look forward to a greatly increased vote for the Royal Flying Corps, and this not the less because of the marked success, both at Salisbury and in the manœuvres, of the Royal Flying Factory's own machines. The manœuvres in East Anglia have shown us that on a clear day no tactical secrets are hidden in modern war; and, comparatively crude as was the first practical attempt to use the aeroplane for military purposes, it lays open to us at home in our very midst its enormous possibilities in war of the future as a scout, a dispatch-carrier, as a weapon of destruction. Wellington's saying that the greatest qualification for success in a campaign was the capacity of the general to see what was going on behind a hill has been much quoted this week; and now it is within the power of every general. What would not a small corps of flying scouts have been worth to Sir Redvers Buller in Natal, and how many lives would they not have saved? For every life lost in times of peace, for every airman killed in war, how many hundreds or thousands may not be saved time after time on active service by a single successful reconnaissance, carried out without assaults or regiments practically hurled blindly to destruction? Against each one of these heroes of the air who pay individual toll must be balanced the thousands saved by their sacrifice. For every officer of the Royal Flying Corps who pays the toll of progress there will be a hundred who will take the vacant place. It is equally certain also that the authorities will do everything in their power to prevent all unnecessary risks being incurred.

THE CITY.

THE Chinese loan has been the chief topic of discussion in the City this week. As the outcome of the long negotiations of the six-Powers banking group the Chinese Government have made a contract for a £10,000,000 loan with C. Birch Crisp and Co., a junior issuing house which has successfully arranged several minor Russian loans. Some critics question the wisdom of the Chinese Government in daring to borrow outside the ring of banks which have taken so long to agree on terms for the monopoly of Chinese finance; but general satisfaction is expressed concerning the course of events which has enabled China to borrow in the open market. Naturally foreign banking interests view the contract with disfavour; but it may be hoped that no opposition to the issue will be made in London, as it is to the advantage of London financial houses that Chinese finance should not be cornered. That some jealousy exists is evident from the simultaneous offering in Lombard Street of two lots of Chinese Treasury Bills, one by Messrs. C. B. Crisp and Co. and the other through Messrs. Schröder and Co.

Business on the Stock Exchange has been hampered somewhat by monetary considerations. Heavy gold withdrawals are arousing fears of a further rise in the Bank rate. Money, however, is comparatively plentiful, and there is no cause for apprehension. Active business has been rather patchy. Metropolitans have received a large share of attention on rumours many and various. There is no doubt that the Great Western directors would like to have control of the Metropolitan, and the stock is being accumulated by influential interests. Further than that nothing can be said at present. East Londons have had a sharp rise, but now that it is known that the Metropolitan Railway has taken over the working of the line to the exclusion of the District Railway there may be a reaction. Home Rails as a whole have been dull, with the exception of Great Central securities, which have been bought on prospects of increased traffic from the Immingham Dock.

Transactions in Canadian Pacifics are on a smaller scale, and price movements irregular. Bear covering in Grand Trunks was apparently induced by the news that Sir Felix Schuster and Sir William White have gone on the board of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which is regarded as a favourable indication of the prospects of the system. Wall Street has had the benefit of highly optimistic statements by the presidents of the Harriman and Pennsylvania Railroad systems, but the public is doing nothing in the market, and the expectation of severe monetary stringency in New York is an adverse influence.

Peruvian Corporation stocks have provided one of the principal market features. The buying has been attributed to an important group of French banks who are credited with the scheme of reorganisation of the company. According to rumour the holders of the company's 6 per cent. debentures are to be persuaded to submit to a reduction of their interest to 4½ per cent., which will practically secure the preference dividend for the future and will therefore reasonably permit the funding of the arrears of preference interest. On the face of it the rumours are ridiculous. What inducement can be given to the debenture-holders to allow their income to be cut down by one-fourth? Yet the stock, it is said, has been going into strong hands, and the purchasers, presumably, have something more definite in view than the increased earnings of the corporation. Otherwise the rise is not justified.

Some anxiety is still felt in regard to the political situation in Mexico, and Mexican Railway stocks have had a declining tendency. Argentine Rails continue firm on good traffics, and Brazilians are harder. San Paulos have recovered sharply now that it is realised that the threatened competition lies in the somewhat distant future, and Leopoldinas have improved. An expected increase of dividend has strengthened United Railways of the Havana shares.

Rubber descriptions have a better tone after their little set-back, and Oils are the subject of many inquiries, the Egyptian group coming in for attention once more. It is understood that the Red Sea Oil-fields is acquiring further properties. Mining quotations as a rule have been rather reactionary. The interest taken in the better-class brewery stocks continues to expand, and bank shares are in some demand. Shipping securities attract rather less attention, and the official announcement of the South African mail contract had no effect, because its terms were generally known. Some profit-taking has taken the top off the rise in Cements, but the tone is still strong in anticipation of an encouraging report. Marconis are a rather erratic market owing to rumours of opposition by a competitive system.

A CRICKET MATCH.

By Lord Dunsany.

THE growing interest shown in test matches by the people of this country and their lack of interest in politics could only end one way. There is no question but that the Government were unpopular, and there was no use in continuing debate when it was constantly interrupted by the closure, and nobody cared what anybody said, and everyone voted in obedience to party Whips; and with such a majority as their Whips controlled it was absurd to put the question of resignation to the vote. I do not see what else they could have done but what they did.

Very few people saw the cricket match last August, and the Press did not take it up as, being played upon

what I believe they call The Glorious Twelfth, all the reporters were away at Euston Station trying to pick up hints and local colour about grouse, guns, white heather, moors and what not. The match was played at Lord's. I was one of the few that were there. I do not think they tossed. The Opposition fielded because, as I heard them saying, Mr. Asquith insisted that his side had a mandate to bat from the country. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill went in first, and I noticed a lady wearing Free Forester's colours walking up and down behind the bowler's arm, but the umpire ordered her off and the match began. Mr. Asquith was bowled first ball, the off stump being knocked out of the ground by Mr. F. E. Smith, and of course both bails went. I was seated near the pavilion and certainly amongst the Government eleven there was a strong feeling that the Prime Minister was not out; and in deference, as he said, to the confidence ungrudgingly shown him by his followers and his own deep-rooted conviction that the ball had not hit the wicket he stayed where he was. A young man on the Conservative side who wished to govern a colony when his party came in thereupon appealed, and the umpire gave it out. At this the batting side got up a little meeting, and hastily passed an unanimous resolution of confidence in Mr. Asquith as a batsman, who encouraged by this opinion still stayed where he was. A vote of confidence in the umpire put by Mr. Bonar Law and seconded by Mr. Long left things very much where they were. I saw one of the batting side whom I knew walking about on the path.

"Surely", I said, "he was bowled."

"Well", he said, "I don't say you mightn't be right, but there are two sides to every question. Almost every question has two sides."

"But", I said, "his off stump is gone."

"When you've seen as much of things as I have", he said, "you'll see that there are two sides to everything."

Meanwhile the scorer had written down "Asquith, bowled Smith, o", and the difficulty was got over by adjourning the match while a case of libel brought by Mr. Asquith against the scorer was tried in the courts. As the case interested me from having seen the alleged libel committed, I determined to see it tried. It came on recently. After a good deal of dull formality it came out that Mr. Asquith had played cricket before, evidence being brought to prove several large scores made at a private school when he was ten, with the object of showing, I suppose, that he could not be bowled first ball.

Then the umpire was examined. It seemed to me a hopeless case for the Government, but I must admit that several points were made against the umpire, some of them strong ones. I give some of the more damaging ones that I noted down at the time.

Sir Rufus Isaacs: Was the ball that is alleged to have bowled the Prime Minister a no-ball?

Umpire: No, sir.

R. I.: O. . . . You swear to that?

Umpire: Yes, sir.

R. I.: You are sure that Mr. Smith did not throw it?

Umpire: Yes, sir.

R. I.: Did he bowl under-hand or over-hand?

Umpire: Over-hand, sir.

R. I.: And you were watching his arm?

Umpire: Yes, sir.

R. I.: Attentively?

Umpire: Yes, sir.

R. I.: And he bowled over-hand?

Umpire: Yes, sir.

R. I.: Thank you; that is what I wished to establish—that you could not possibly have been watching his feet.

Umpire: O, I was watching his feet, sir.

R. I.: I think not. His arm was over his head, and you tell us your eyes were on that. Would it surprise you to find a foot-mark on the sod a yard the wrong side of the line?

Umpire: Yes, sir.

R. I.: I have all the turf in court.

A large slice of the pitch with the bowling crease on it was handed up on a tray. I could have told them that the heel-mark on it a yard the wrong side of the line was the mark of the man's other foot. But this fact was kept out of sight as long as possible, and when the defence suggested it a great deal of doubt was cast on it and the onus of proof left with them, and the umpire's assertion that he was watching the bowler's arm clearly told very heavily with the jury. And a great many little points came out against that umpire, not much in themselves but very damaging when taken all together. It appeared that once when batting he had said to a friend that the ball looked like a football: this is only a phrase among cricketers meaning he saw it clearly, but it sounded bad to the jury, and when Sir Rufus Isaacs said that if a cricket-ball looked to him like a football might not the wicket seem to him like a goal-post there was loud laughter in court, which in itself told against him. And then he was made to admit that he had once given a man out for leg-before who had sworn that he hit the ball and was there in court prepared to swear to it now. And of course the whole of Mr. Asquith's team swore that the ball had never hit the wicket, except one man who had conscientious objections to taking an oath at all and who "solemnly testified" to the same effect. I had been asked to give evidence on this point myself as an impartial witness, but I like to keep out of politics for fear of having my cattle driven in Ireland.

The case against the scorer soon began to take this shape. That the ball was clearly a no-ball, and that it had evidently not hit the wicket, that the umpire being notoriously untrustworthy should have been disregarded, that he had written what he had out of malice because he was opposed to Mr. Asquith in politics; and in proof of this it was stated that he had been once overheard to say something about the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which was not repeated in court but written on paper by the witness and handed up to the judge. The defence were unable to call the other umpire, whose evidence might have saved the scorer, because he had in the meantime been made a peer and sent to govern Siam. And though it was shown that this was a palpable "job" and quite illegal, as Siam does not belong to England, the defence could not say what evidence he would have given had he been present, and Sir Edward Carson thought it safer to put in a plea of insanity, which he just managed to prove, though Sir Rufus Isaacs brought evidence to show that the scorer was the most brilliant man of the century.

And the other day they started the match again, though it is late in September; and in the five remaining balls of the over Mr. Asquith was bowled five times and I heard Mr. Bonar Law say to Mr. F. E. Smith:

"Go on bowling him. It will keep the runs down."

And then I left, for it was getting as monotonous as politics.

I do not know how it will end, but Sir Edward Carson threatens—and I believe he will carry it out—to bring a football eleven on to the ground and to make them play on the pitch.

A PATRIOTIC AND A MORALITY PLAY.

By John Palmer.

IF I were a political disciple of Mr. Massingham I should try to look like Mr. Lyn Harding at His Majesty's Theatre, and I should make speeches about the Navy like Mr. Harding's speeches, with lantern illustrations, accompanied on the piano (with drum obbligato) by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford. Mr. Massingham might then invite Mr. Churchill into his cave and convert or devour him at leisure. Once get the people thoroughly to accept the message of Francis Drake as interpreted at His Majesty's Theatre, and there is clearly no further need of a Two-Power Standard. If one Englishman be equal to seven foreigners, why go to the expense of fighting the foreigner two to one? For the historic parable of Francis Drake and the celebrated game of bowls has a modern and a familiar shape—namely, that we are so extraordinary

and gifted a people that we can starve the Services and simultaneously be feared in the councils of Europe.

The moral effect of a production like "Drake" at His Majesty's is wholly enervating and mischievous. We are requested to infer that England will continue to conquer others so long as we are able to glisten at the spectacle of our splendid achievements. Emotion is cheaper than taxes. At ten-and-sixpence a head our representatives of the people may at His Majesty's Theatre enjoy all the feelings of a patriot, and vote at next division for a reduction of the Navy Estimates. To make this possible Mr. Parker has found it necessary to vulgarise the history of England; to degrade Queen Elizabeth; to traduce Burleigh; and to put upon Francis Drake a late-nineteenth-century amative romance. I should be really angry with Mr. Parker if he had not successfully contrived to evade spoiling the famous scene between Drake and Doughty in the cabin of "The Golden Hind". But here was a touch of honesty that redeemed the main spectacle of its noise and futility; and the playing was excellent.

As usual at His Majesty's Theatre there was a careful and conscientious attempt at "production", which only succeeded in revealing the necessary barrenness of Sir Herbert Tree's method and ideals. When is Sir Herbert Tree going to appear in the promised version of Molière? I earnestly require an opportunity of praising him for his native and considerable gifts. But unfortunately Sir Herbert Tree has always delighted to turn his wit the seamy side without. He insists upon "producing", whereas his talent and temper lie precisely in another direction. Take but a single instance. Never will you see such carefully drilled and instructed stage crowds as you see at His Majesty's. Never will you see a horde of supernumeraries which fails so lamentably in pretending to be angry or joyful or excited. However, if the crowds upon the stage at His Majesty's are obviously bored with the speeches and conduct of Francis Drake, the crowd in the theatre atones in full measure for their delinquency. Emotion as a substitute for taxes is a sort of patriotism with which we are becoming more and more familiar. "Drake" will fill His Majesty's Theatre for many days; and Shakespeare may, for the moment, lie easily beneath the stones.

Stage patriotism is at any rate less tedious than stage morality. Stage patriotism (one Englishman is equal to seven foreigners) is picturesque exaggeration. One may even accept it for imaginative purposes. It is not common sense; but it is legitimate poetry. Stage morality (that vice is a champagne supper and that virtue is the morning after) is neither reason nor rhyme. Moreover, the small claim to our respect the theory once enjoyed is already by endless repetition quite exhausted. Credit, however, is due to the authors of "Everywoman" at Drury Lane. They have hit upon an ingenious device whereby a record number of platitudes may be delivered in a given time. They have taken the more tedious episodes of a popular melodrama; and, by naming the characters after the main heads of the common ethical code (Modesty, Passion, Vice, and so forth), have obtained by permutations and combinations the greatest possible number of various arrangements. The simplicity and convenience of the method can only be fully realised by one who has endured the play. Practically every possible moral commonplace known to the theatre is exhausted in less than three hours. Even poetical clichés are included, notably when Passion sings to Everywoman of ecstasy and bliss, ending his lyric with the appropriate rhyme and business.

I am still shocked by the entertainments to which British parents take their children. There is a moment in almost every really popular modern entertainment when Modesty abandons Everywoman who, suitably attired and preferably reclining upon what Carolingians very pertinently described as a day-bed, receives Passion: and is by him amorously and ardently embraced. I invariably feel that neither I nor anyone else is supposed to be in the theatre on these occasions. There was a night within extremely recent memory when I actually bolted into the corridor; and, feeling desperately in need of something comparatively harmless and clean, was glad to find that I had with me a pocket edition of Congreve's "Double Dealer". I do not wish in recalling this incident to imply that there is a single scene or incident in "Everywoman" which is indecent in any sense recognised by the Censor or the public. Considering that Modesty has already left "Everywoman" she behaves in the circumstances quite remarkably well. But I was amused to read on the way home from Drury Lane this week that the Lord Chamberlain has virtuously refused to license Miss Gwen Johns' "Edge o' Dark".

There seems, by the way, to be quite a mania for self-exposure among managers and players. We have been allowed glimpses behind the scenes of the player's life in several late productions; and now there is yet another dramatic confession made to the public at Drury Lane. Bluff and Stuff are the managers, and I should be sorry here to set down the highly descriptive names of their employees. Puff is a dramatic critic, who will perhaps privately confess to you that he has been extremely busy for the last three weeks.

INCIPIENT GOLF.

By Filson Young.

I HAVE been studying the literature of golf lately, especially that part of it devoted to the instruction of beginners, and I am astonished to find how little the expert seems to know, or how much he seems to have forgotten. It is the beginners who should write the books; it is they who really know everything about the game, though they cannot play it. Their minds are stored with a magazine of theory and of method that contains all the advice of all the experts. That the expert has forgotten all about the game except how to play it is apparent from the kind of advice he invariably gives to the beginner. There are several types of book on golf. The most familiar one is the general book on the game written by some famous champion. The plan of such books is always the same. There is, first of all, a chapter on the history and origin of the game; and, as nobody knows its origin, this chapter generally consists of a more or less diffuse statement of that fact. The next chapter is probably called "The Choice of Clubs". The beginner is told that there are a great many kinds of clubs, that he must not get too many, and that he must not get too few. There are good clubs and bad clubs, he is told, and the advice of the expert is, all things considered, that he should get good ones, but he had better put himself into the hands of a professional and let him choose his clubs for him; he will know better than the beginner. It is from this moment that the repressive and discouraging attitude towards the beginner is apparent. That innocent soul, who has taken up the game with the idea of getting some pleasure from it, is told pretty roundly that he had better not attempt to do this for a long time. If he is doing anything pleasant with his clubs, such as hitting the ball with them, or happily carving his way round the links, he is told that he can never learn to play golf that way. If he light-heartedly wishes to go and choose a set of handsome clubs, he is ordered to throw them away, and go and put himself in the hands of a professional, and take what he is given. Perhaps the next chapter in the book is on balls, and the beginner learns that there are many kinds of balls, good and bad, the chief difference being that the good ones fly true and the bad ones do not. Here the advice as to clubs is reversed. The beginner must not buy good balls; any old thing will do for him. When he is an expert then he may put down on the tee a glossy "zone-zodiac" or a shining "colonel"; in the meantime, any common, rough, uninteresting ball will do for him. It is almost suggested that it would be bad for him to play with a good ball. At any rate, let him put himself in the hands of a professional, who will sell the necessary balls to him. The next chapter, on learning to

play the game, is, as a rule, equally dispiriting. The beginner must not try to play; he must not even use his new balls or his clubs, or go on the links at all. Let him stand in his own room and swing with an old umbrella for a month or two, when, if his spirit be sufficiently broken, he may be stood out in the corner of a meadow with an old club and a gashed ball to take his first lesson in using the sacred implements. That is the burden; he must not try to play or enjoy himself; he must practise. He is seriously advised to go into some "quiet corner" with a ball and a club to practise the same stroke over and over again, replacing the turf every time, then going and fetching his ball, hitting it again, replacing the turf, and so on—as if anyone could continue such an occupation for more than ten minutes without going out of his mind. The beginner is told that the swing is everything, and that the full swing is the supreme joy and perfection of golf. He is also told that he must not attempt to swing. Let that be reserved for the finished player; the beginner must be content with something else which is never quite clearly defined, but it must be something without joy or satisfaction in it. And there, suddenly, advice to the beginner ends. The next chapter is probably on the mashie, a club the pupil so far has not been allowed even to buy, with elaborate hints as to imparting underspin and cut to the ball, and the different tactics to be employed if one wishes to play a stroke of a hundred yards or only of ninety-nine. Out swims the expert into the wide sea of talk and theory, leaving the unhappy beginner with a brassie (a club of which he is in dread), a cleek (which he fears and hates), and an iron, whose only apparent use to him so far has been as a turf-cutter.

There is another type of book, written by someone who has adopted some patent grip or stance of his own and won an open championship. In order to impress his patent on the public he, too, must write a complete book on the game of golf, the frontispiece of which probably consists of a large photograph of his hands tied in a knot, and a ground-plan of his feet. This contrivance and its bearing on the game are discussed through some three hundred pages, and at the end he probably says: "Although this is the only correct method in golf, I do not advise it for the beginner; let him be content", etc., etc.

Then there is the other little book of a very disarming kind, and more dangerous than any. In it the writer seeks to brush aside all that has been written by anyone else. Let the beginner attend to these few simple pages, and it is promised that, if he does not become a champion, he will at least have no difficulty in acquiring a good steady game, and have a handicap of not more than six. The student sighs with relief, and thinks that here, at any rate, is something that he can master; and it is a very alluring method. The secret is that you are not to do anything that is uncomfortable; that all the old theories and rules are wrong; that you must just stand comfortably in front of the ball and hit it. There is only one thing—one tiny little thing; and that is the position of your little toe. If you are standing right, and have your little toe in an easy, natural and free position, the ball cannot help going straight. Swinging does not matter, hitting hardly matters. "Just attend to the little toe", the writer seems to say, "and see that it is comfortable and doing what it likes, and the ball must get up of itself off the tee, and fly to the green, and drop into the hole." And then he adds: "But if the beginner finds that he plays better with the toe in a stiff position, then he had better not attempt for the present to adopt what is, nevertheless, the only natural, logical and scientific method of golf".

The time comes when the beginner must put some at least of these theories into practice; when, having got the professional, in whose hands he is supposed to have placed himself, safely out of the way, and bought a really good driver at a shop in the Haymarket, he puts a new half-crown ball on the tee and prepares lightheartedly to enjoy himself. It is then, of course, that the baleful influence of the experts begins to assert itself. He addresses the ball and wonders if he is in a natural position, or, finding he is not, decides on one or other of the many stances laid down, and realises for the first time that it has not occurred to any of the book-writers to publish photographs of the ball and the club as they look from the player's point of view, instead of from the onlooker's. He fixes his eye on the white ball and, as the club swings back, all that he has ever read on the subject rushes through his mind. I suppose there is no moment so packed with pure mental processes as that occupied by the swing back of the beginner's club. Pages and pages of printed matter flash across his mind like a line off a reel. When the club is shoulder-high he has decided to take Taylor's advice; when it is at the top of the swing he thinks that perhaps Braid is safer for a beginner; as he begins to come down he thinks of Vaile, and tries to remember what it was he said. And so packed with thought has been this second or two that it appears to him like an agony that has been endured for months and must be ended somehow, and that instantly, lest he sink under the torture of it. And somehow in the final swing, or rather tumbledown, of the club, he remembers with a guilty pang that all is not as it should be with his little toe. There is a horrible concussion, and the ball is seen lying twenty yards away to the left. It is then, from these dreadful birth-throes, that the true golfer begins to be born. He snatches up his clubs and runs after the ball as though it might escape his vengeance, determined only upon one thing, to hit it, and to hit it far away, mentally registering a vow that should he miss it he will go home. He runs up to it, seizes an iron club, and, without any thought of stance or address, strikes it, strikes it hard and in anger; and lo, with a click and a song in the air the ball flies up and away, straight and true, now a grey dot against the sky, now a running and bouncing white spot on the green slope a hundred and fifty yards ahead. The murderous anger in his face is smoothed out into a happy smile; he says to himself, "I will do that again". And he goes up to the ball and smites once into the air and then digs up a pound and a half of turf. Then he gives it up, and does not care how he hits; and once more the ball mounts like a lark, and drops a yard away from the hole, into which it is rolled by the beginner's lucky putt. "Down in six", says his companion in congratulatory terms; but in the private register of his mind the beginner marks it as three, and feels that with a little more care he might have done it in two. And when he has done that his feet have entered upon the road that has no end.

THE BOOK OF TONO BUNGAY.*

THE British Medical Association has already published a volume of analyses of the medicines popularly known as patent medicines, legally as proprietary medicines, and amongst doctors as quack medicines. With doctors every undisclosed medical preparation is known as a quack medicine, by whomsoever it is concocted. The professional etiquette is rigid which demands that every professed remedy shall be published so that it may be submitted to experiment and analysis. The only secrecy permitted, and that is no secrecy to the profession, is the writing of prescriptions in medical Latin and the use of signs of even more than mediæval antiquity. These have a certain impressiveness outside medical circles, and medicines prepared with this ritual probably to some extent act as charms or as faith cures. The question, indeed, is very delicate—how far it is permissible in medicine, as in theology, to practise mystery for the benefit of the patient or the sinner. In all probability, however, this still practised secrecy is not retained for this particular effect. It is a relic, a piece of professional conservative usage; but it has

* "More Secret Remedies: What they Cost and what they Contain." Based on Analyses made for the British Medical Association. London: British Medical Association. 1912.

now something of the secrecy which gives it the taint of quackery.

The appearance of these two books in a sense puts an end to the quack medicine. When the secrecy of a preparation is at the mercy of the analyst, as it is in these days of refined analytical chemistry, the quack medicine goes, though the quack may remain who prepares and administers it. With a completeness and mercilessness inspired by the secular hatred of the regular medical profession for the unauthorised supplier of drugs to the public, the British Medical Association analysts have torn the veil of secrecy from the most widely advertised and the most largely bought proprietary medicines on the market. There are many hundreds of them; and yet they are a mere sample of the huge stock bought annually by the confiding public to the value of some two and a half millions. But there still remain in mysterious obscurity the personalities of those who prepare these articles and advertise them in the bombastic terms of their predecessors in all ages. The principal change that time has brought is that now quack medicines are mostly prepared, and advertised, and sold by companies, many of which, and the most shameless, are American. Another is that the quack now largely uses advertisement in the public press as the means of spreading his nostrums. The quack who once travelled from market town to market town and alternately astonished, alarmed and soothed the gathered rustics has now become a lucrative source of income to the newspapers of all kinds read by all classes of the credulous public, poor and rich. In the eighteenth century this change in the method of appeal began, but less change has occurred in the character of the dupers and the duped. The compiler of the British Medical Association volumes only repeats as to both practically what Defoe and other writers said long ago. In the twentieth century not only the poorer classes have a weakness for secret remedies and the ministration of quacks; the well-to-do and the highly placed will often, when not very ill, take a curious pleasure in experimenting with mysterious compounds. Medicine for human beings is not the purely physical thing it is in the case of animals, and hence connected with it is human psychology and religious beliefs, speculations and emotions. As the author remarks, the medical profession is looked upon by many as an institution of orthodoxy, and the unorthodox take a delight in encouraging irregular medicine as they do in supporting all kinds of irregular religions. "Usually, however, people of these classes take to some system. It used to be electricity, or hypnotism, or some eccentricity of diet; nowadays it is more often Christian Science."

We gather from casual observations in the book, rather than from description, an idea of the kind of people who own the medicines and compose the advertisements. Certainly it is plain from their astonishingly exuberant language and audacious professions that accounts of their predecessors written long ago still apply to them. In a History of Medicine of the eighteenth century the dealers in medicine are said to include grocers, booksellers, printers, confectioners, merchants and traders, midwives, medical students, preachers, chemists, distillers, conjurors, old women, and other nondescripts. And in another eighteenth-century book we find it said that a bricklayer (who chanced to be the seventh son of his father, there being a mysterious virtue in a seventh son) or a sharp-witted cobbler having picked up an antiquated collection of mediæval recipes and perused it in his leisure hours, then dispensed with his trowel or awl, and devoted himself to the sale of pellets, lotions and gargles possessing marvellous virtues. We should think a parallel to each of these classes could be found to-day amongst the quack medicine dealers. Principally, however, we should say they are broken-down and disreputable chemists or doctors or medical students who have become possessed of prescriptions they have made up or have modified; and they enter into a bargain with capitalists who care nothing about the value of the medicine or even its harmfulness, to run the business. The drugs cost almost nothing, and the expenses are bottling, packing, printing, advertising, and management, which are heavy. Medical and pharmaceutical knowledge are of small account compared with the ability of business management, and unscrupulous ingenuity devoted to selling the worthless or harmful article. The mention of preachers and old women in the above list recalls an observation in this book that there are probably amongst modern pushers of proprietary medicines ignorant and half-crazy believers in the virtue of some concoction which they have made up themselves or inherited, and to which a half-religious virtue attaches. They are the sort of fanatic who believes that doctors are in league to suppress discoveries that have been made under providential guidance by some humble person inspired by heaven. It is a sufficiently feasible classification to arrange quack medicine-sellers with the chemist in Mr. Wells' "Tono Bungay", or with George Eliot's Holt, Senior, the father of "Felix Holt the Radical".

So, again, the contents and style of their advertisements, profusely illustated in this book, cannot be generally described better than Defoe did it in his "Description of a Quack". Now as then, "He sometimes employs the most vulgar phrases imaginable, and again he soars out of sight and traverses the spacious realms of fustian and bombast. For hard words and terms, which neither he nor you nor I nor anybody else can understand, he pours them out in such abundance that you'd swear he had been rehearsing some of the occult philosophy of Agrippa, or reading extracts from the Cabala". The quack vendors of the twentieth century have, in fact, inherited the language of the great quacks, Paracelsus, Cardan, Balsamo or Cagliostro, Van Helmont, Nostradamus, and our own Greatrakes and Lilly; and it is the mystical and unscientific wildness of their views of the body which, somewhat modernly modified, appeals still to the ignorant and credulous of all classes. In medicine, as in theology, scientific notions have only reached a very small proportion of men, and hardly any women. It is very probable that the Biblical oracle, "The blood is the life", accounts for the immense vogue of quack medicines called "blood purifiers". The popularity of quack medicines is a test of the low grade of scientific and literary feeling, or the mere reading of the advertisements would damn the trade. There would be a legitimate field for sellers of some of these remedies if the buyers had any discrimination. They are poor and can only afford medical attendance that is very cheap and unsatisfactory. But the quack has no simple remedies; they are all of a virtue to cure whatever ills the human body suffers; and he terrifies his victims with imaginary ailments and the imaginary consequences of ordinary ailments. These analyses prove that quite commonplace agents are exalted into panaceas. In other cases heartless frauds are perpetrated with diabolical skill, and we are indignant that the rogues escape hanging. Cancer, and epilepsy, and tuberculosis cases are the most cruel, and in one instance a pill is guaranteed to protect the taker from the infection of small-pox! At least those who sell, with extravagant puffery, a mixture demonstrably as inert as water, or a pill which is nothing but potato starch, might be prosecuted for obtaining money by false pretences. There could not be much difficulty in "anti-fat" or "bad leg" cures, where the ingredients can have only neutral effects or are quite commonplace, but are lied about with the most shameless audacity. Rascals who describe drugs that are in everyday use with doctors as possessing unfathomable and impossible virtues; or as having been collected and distilled by some venerable holy man in the Himalayas or the deserts of Central Africa; or who describe drugs which are almost infinitesimal in cost, as all these proprietary drugs are, as having been discovered by profound research and elaborate experiment, so that they can only be sold at the outrageous prices charged; it would seem there ought to be punishment for them. In all these analyses no drug has been discovered, that has any reaction or medicinal effect, which is not in the British Pharmacopœia and in regular use. There are

vegetables in the preparations which frequently cannot be specified. Cabbage water would be indistinguishable from cauliflower water, as would also their medicinal virtues. The quacks will doubtless boast, in page advertisements of the secular and religious press, which abound just now, of the baffling of the doctors, and the impenetrable secret of their cures. One concocter of a consumption cure has pretended to disclose his secret. With an ingenuity worthy of a better cause, he discovered, in his fertile imagination, the totally unknown drugs "umckaloabo" and "chijitse". The material for a thousand libel actions lies in these disclosures if the drug-proprietors can prove them untrue, as well as suggestions for amendment of the law and bringing the quacksalvers to account. Something more than publicity is required. It would be quite feasible for quacks to put on their bottles and boxes an imposing array of worthless or harmful ingredients, and still deceive the ignorant public with their braggadocio. At least as stringent a system of inspectorships and prosecutions is needed as we have for adulteration of food and fertilisers.

THE BALKANS TO-DAY.

By James Baker.

WE were at Pirot in Servia, on the Bulgarian frontier, and close to the Turkish frontier: a town that is strongly fortified, and where watch is kept for agents and spies. The Servian journals were full of the war between Italy and Turkey, and suspicious of advantage being taken by Albanians and Austrians, so one had to be careful. At this Pirot, in the heart of the Balkan district, one was at the heart of the Balkan question. I was with a man who knew all the surrounding countries and their tongues, who had lived in Turkey and Asia Minor; and gradually, as we visited primary schools, churches, and gymnasiums, from this talk, and others I had had in Belgrade and Bucharest, I obtained a more lucid idea of these complications than I had before. The Balkans simply means the mountains. The peasants here say "I am going into the Balkans"—i.e. the hills; hence the difficulty of getting exactly to know what are the Balkans locally. The Balkan question involves the States of Austria, Hungary, Turkey, Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, Russia. It is almost wholly a question of race and religion and largely, too, an aspiration after ancient dominion possessed by these different kingdoms centuries ago. The territory in which the smaller nations live is beautiful. Rushing rivers flow through awful gorges and defiles; range on range of hills lead up in involved masses to the greater mountain chains where winter rules, as was shown to the world in 1878, in the war horrors of the Shipka Pass and the heroism of Plevna. Encircled by the hills are rich valleys and vast marshy plains where formerly yellow fever was plentiful, but to-day cultivation has destroyed it. Through a great part of this Balkan district flows the Danube, and all the States involved in the Balkan question are linked with or border on this fascinating river; Bosnia and Herzegovina are linked through their Austrian connexion, and Montenegro, far from the Danube, is linked with the Balkan question by race relation with the Slavs.

The Balkan States are just emerging from the centuries of fierce and corrupt Moslem rule. Mosques are still in these cities, and Oriental customs and habits of thought still cling to their peoples. Not fifty years have passed by since the power of the Sultan was dominant in the Balkans, and this fact must ever be remembered when the state of the towns and villages is considered; and, being remembered, the great advance in the general welfare of the people, and the developments in the cities and towns are deeply interesting and very remarkable. This town of Pirot is, as it were, an advance guard of the Slav folk against the Moslem, but it also illustrates the division of the Slavs amongst themselves, for its extensive fortress, now partly a picturesque ruin, was only a few years ago taken by the Bulgarians and the next day retaken by the Servians after a fierce two days' bloodshed. How suspicious they are to-day, and even watchful, was proved to me promptly by my being accosted rather roughly in Servian, when I had gone alone to the outskirts of the town, and was looking round on the Bulgarian hills, noticing the position of the old fortress, and the numerous modern sunk forts on the hills around. My questioner followed me back into the town asking questions I did not understand, a gendarme joining him, until I regained my friend, who then explained; and he told me the man was a Government official in plain clothes; there were many spies from the neighbouring Powers around them. The civilisation or culture in these towns in the Balkan States is in a transition state. Everywhere one sees the late developments of science and education being adopted, towns are being rapidly changed. But get on to the outskirts, or in the poorer quarters of these towns, and you are back in Moslem modes of life, although the mosque has disappeared.

Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, a little Brussels as it may aptly be described, is full of handsome streets, boulevards and palatial buildings. But go into the outer portions of the city, and you are in the midst of clusters of the tiniest huts, thrown together, inhabited by people raggedly picturesque. The aspiration of the Roumanians in the Balkan question is to include again Bessarabia in their kingdom, as Roumanians live there. It will be seen that each of the Balkan States has ambitions for an enlarged territory. But the Roumanians have internal troubles; they have not the system of peasant proprietorship that their Slav neighbours possess, and it is only about four years ago that the peasants rose and set on fire many of the properties. From the Danube steamers all down the river these fires were seen blazing on the Roumanian side. Perhaps a town that illustrates the culture and development of Roumania more than its capital is Turn Severin, a new Danube port which is young and progressive. The principal part is a very handsome oblong Grand Place, surrounded on all sides (save at the river end, where there is a garden promenade) by fine buildings and shops. At the upper end is the market-house, and perhaps the most picturesque folk to be seen in Europe. The women's dresses are full of colour, and the needlework and embroidery upon them are artistic. The groups of women are standing or sitting about in their long white skirts with the parti-coloured broad borders and decorated sleeves and breasts, over which is the sheepskin jacket, with a brilliant-coloured apron before and behind. These groups give masses of colour and artistic poses such as can only be seen in this Near East. The description given of these peasants by a young Roumanian avocat was, "They are intelligent, but savage", and his friend standing near asked if I knew Hungary. Knowing the antipathy between the races, I did not own to any great knowledge of Hungary. "Ah, they are savages", was the exclamation. "There are three million Roumanians in Hungary; the rest are savages." And this word "savage", so utterly untrue of all these Balkan peoples, is hurled by the people of each State at the peoples of all the other States. At Giurgevo, in Roumania, I heard also a Bucharest lady speak of the Roumanian peasants as savages.

The code of laws of Roumania is founded on the Napoleonic code, and in the law courts it was interesting to see the peasants, some in modern dress, waiting to talk with their lawyers, and the witnesses waiting to be called. I asked my avocat friend how Roumanians accounted for this Latin race, with a language printed very like Italian in Roman letters, being left here amidst the Slav races, whose language approaches the Russian and is printed with similar characters. "The Romans came here", he replied, "got mixed with the Dacians, and that mixed race and tongue has remained here". The schools in this small new town are large

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and important, and they do not neglect their history, for there is a good modern monument to Trajan; but I saw a man taking part of the stones of the ruins of Trajan's castle, that with the bridge form such interesting objects here, for building purposes.

The ambition of Bulgaria is to go back to the days of the Emperor Samuel, who early in the eleventh century had grouped the whole of the Macedonian tribes into one State. On landing in Bulgaria at first one feels in Russia; there is the same type of burly, powerful gendarme, some in serviceable dark-blue, red-faced uniform, with revolver and short sword, and others in the spotless white that is so noticeable directly one touches a Russian port. The Bulgarians have great individual freedom, and yet their Constitution was drawn up for them by a Russian Count. Their peasants are proprietors, and many are very wealthy, most well-to-do; and this year the enormous piles of sacks of produce waiting to be shipped at every halting-place of the Danube steamers told of their great harvest. Whether the increase of income will make the Bulgarian bureaucracy more aggressive remains to be proved. As one lands at such a town as Lom Palanka there are two significant signs of the evolution of the Bulgarian—the minaret speaking of the Turkish oppression, and the Russian-like gendarme, active, energetic, taking down the names of everyone going on and off the ship. But, as I have said, they have advanced from the Russian rule.

The old kingdom of Servia, as it was under Dushan in the fourteenth century, included Bosnia and Herzegovina and the Sandyak of Novi Bazar and Montenegro. As an enthusiastic Servian exclaimed, "We had it for 180 years". This was the cause of the excitement in Servia when Austria closed her thirty years of development in the two Balkan provinces by annexing them, so cutting off Servia from all hope of her dream being realised. There is a practice peculiar to the Serbs in all this part of Europe that proves their nationality, say the Servian enthusiasts, and that is the practice of "Slava", a veneration of the household gods. Penates in old days; to-day the veneration of the household saints. This is the purest proof of the Serb nationalities. Each house adopts a saint from generation to generation, and the priest comes to the house and prayers are offered up, a special cake is made that the priest cuts, and boiled corn is eaten, much as our "frumenty" of the West of England is eaten in mid-Lent. The Servians are intensely patriotic, and given a period of settled government their country would develop rapidly. They have reduced their illiterate population from 90 per cent. to about 60 per cent., and are building schools, gymnasiums, and girls' schools in all their towns, and education is now compulsory throughout the State. In the frontier town of Pirot I went into several of their primary schools and over a well-fitted-up gymnasium, but the life of the people is still quite a fifteenth-century life. Everything in a house is made by the indwellers of the house. One sees picturesque women coming into market in their long white skirts and coloured aprons and cunningly worked sheepskin jackets, with distaff and spindle busily drawing yarn as they briskly walk on with heavy loads on their backs. All clothes are not only woven, but artistically worked and dyed by their own hands. The wood and metal work in their houses is all of their own handicraft, and at carpet-weaving in brilliant colours and original designs they are masters.

If one looks at the map of Europe at the time of the Crusades, early, say, in the thirteenth century, it will be seen that the kingdom of Servia reached from the Danube by Belgrade to the whole of the Dalmatian coast, and the kingdom of Bulgaria reached from the Danube, including the Black Sea coast, close to Adrianople, only a narrow strip of the Eastern Roman Empire separating her from the Ægean Sea. It is these ancient kingdoms the people of these districts are taught to dream of, and the enthusiastic patriots in the country talk of; and Turkey's extremity is, they think, their opportunity; meanwhile they are extending their propaganda by establishing newspapers in the Servian tongue wherever the Serbs live, in Hungary or elsewhere, and they point to the fact that there are 700 newspapers now being issued in and around Servia in Servian. One lies before me now, "Zastava", printed in Hungary. At the present time keen watch is being kept on the Albanians, and if they rise there is likely to be a movement in Servia, as the Albanians, it is said, persecute the Servians. Religion—or rather, one should say, sectarianism in the Churches—has a great deal to do with this race problem, and the Servian priests have very frequently led the people into battle and fought and fallen in the fight.

TAKING OUR PLEASURES UNCOMFORTABLY.

ONE of the most conspicuous paradoxes for which civilisation is responsible is that latter-day man is bound to find his pleasure in discomfort. It is difficult to think of any pleasure of to-day that is not based on what appears to be a craving for some share of the original hardship. The more secure and sheltered the world becomes, the more, it seems, do men insist on returning in their leisure to the early days, the days when there was still a fight against elementary things. Till about two hundred years ago the world was still sufficiently uncomfortable, but in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries great changes were made, so great that men suddenly realised that their pleasures had been taken from them. Life itself, the plain business of existence, became so dull a thing that it was necessary to think of fresh hardships, or rather to recover the old ones. While there were unknown seas to discover, or an Armada to be fought, a game of bowls was good enough for Drake. But he would not play bowls to-day. He would have a little yacht, small enough to be dangerous, and he would sail her across the Atlantic for his holiday. There are hundreds of Drakes to-day shut up in cities. But they do not play bowls. The moment they are released from work they hastily pack a bag, leave their comfortable rooms, and hurry away to the little boat that pulls at its moorings in the harbour. After a day on the sea—a day perhaps of chilling wind, drenching spray, and some danger—they sleep in a little bunk with no more comfort than if they were in a prison cell. On a very windy night, in an exposed place, when an anchor watch is necessary, and the dinghy tries every now and then to board the yacht, they take turns on deck, and say very likely, as the driven rain finds its way through drenched oilskins: "And this is pleasure". But it is, of course; because just now there is no pleasure except in paradox. We are tired of ease and depend on some form of discomfort for our enjoyment. A simple example is a picnic. There was a time when a picnic was compulsory, and then no pleasure was found in it. The early Briton never thought of taking sandwiches on the river, and it is certain that he was no advocate of the simple life. But now that imprisonment in houses is compulsory it is necessary every now and then to return to the old state of things and claim our share. With some men the picnic habit becomes a passion, and they hurry away to some wild country in pursuit of the past, the quickly fading past, becoming fainter every day, but still able to give something of the ecstasy of hardship. Luckily where life is most comfortable there are always plenty of organised discomforts. In Lapland, where there is still something of the original hardship, there are no exhausting sports. It is only in the drawing-room places that discomfort is ranked as an ideal to be eagerly pursued. England is a drawing-room, and so it is necessary to have boxing, and Rugby football, and hunting, and cricket, and golf, and yachting—all very precious forms of discomfort. The healthy man has always had a more or less constant desire to knock another man down, but in recent years he has had to reckon with the policeman—the official representative of comfort—and so it became necessary to invent boxing and Rugby football. Everyone feels the necessity for escaping from the common enemy—the easy-chair. No matter if it is raining, or very hot,

or blowing half a gale. Anything to escape from comfort, to arrive tired somewhere, to have a good fight with the sea in a little boat and land in the evening drenched, to walk over the hills against wind and rain. These are the things that are remembered when comfortable days are all forgotten. In the sixteenth century it was necessary for the King to appeal to his subjects not to play quoits and skittles and other unmanly games. But there is no need for such an appeal now. No doubt, as time goes on, sports and games will give more of danger and discomfort. As life becomes still more secure, men will insist on inventing fresh risks. Complete security will never be accepted. The best men will always spend their leisure more or less dangerously. In spite of the Armada, it is still difficult to forgive Drake for playing bowls.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RUTHENIANS AND POLES.

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

37 Sinclair Road, Kensington,
15 September 1912.

Sir,—I am much obliged to your correspondent for correcting my error, if error it be, which I am ready to admit. Mr. Raffalovich assures us that the rumoured meeting between the Tsar and the Emperor of Austria is to take place not at Sienkiewiczs (as I said, and as was said in some of the London papers), but at that famous place Skiernievice, whose association with important historical events is so familiar to us all. But after all the place of the meeting is a matter of secondary importance, since we are not sure yet whether the meeting is going to take place. I am afraid that we may be trying "to divide between ourselves the hide of the bear that is not yet killed". There is little doubt that in some quarters the meeting is regarded as a very desirable thing, in fact as almost the only way out of the present tension existing between the two neighbouring Empires. But the question remains whether this same tension, the exact magnitude of which is perhaps not fully appreciated in this country, will permit of the meeting actually taking place? This is a matter concerning which I should not care to play the part of a prophet. But I can dwell with more certitude on the fact of the tension itself. It is undeniable that the Ukrainian problem is one of the chief causes of it, and as the time goes on this problem turns from one of the chief causes into the very chiefest, threatening to make Europe forget such trifles as the Balkan affairs. For some two or two and a half years all the responsible Russian Press has been full of discussions on the startling development of the Ukrainian affair, and as this development was really startlingly rapid, the temperature of these Russian discussions has been rising to an alarming point. Such things as the Ukrainian kingdom, and Kiev as its capital; the Habsburg family as the future Ukrainian dynasty, and the revolted Ukraine as the avant-garde of the Austrian invasion, have long acquired an established currency in the Russian Press. This Press taxes Austria with the secret intention of annexing the neighbouring provinces of the Russian Ukraine, and of taking advantage of the Russian military weakness of which Austria is very well aware. The Austrian Press is naturally rather annoyed with these accusations, and yet it is itself in a state of partial anxiety on account of Russian intrigues in Austrian Galicia. It is often hinted at that Russian agents who received their preliminary training in Persia are now poking their noses into the internal affairs of the Austrian province. In these circumstances, when we Ukrainians could truly say that

"Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day",

it is really strange that English correspondents in Russia should keep the English public practically uninformed on what is going on in the Ukraine. It is all the more to be regretted as Mr. Raffalovich is perfectly right when he says that sources of information on our affairs are practically non-existent in the English language, and more than limited in French. Our people have done, however, much more for disseminating true information concerning the Young Ukraine in the German language, and the publication by them of the monthly "Ukrainische Rundschau", which has now entered on its tenth year of issue, has brought to them many friends from amongst the German-speaking and German-reading prominent personalities of Europe.

I am glad to say that the editors of the "Ukrainische Rundschau" are now contemplating a publication of periodical supplements in the English language, and I heard also of some coming books, pamphlets, and articles, all dealing with different sides of the life of the present-day Ukraine.

It is interesting to note that while at the present the state of information on the Ukrainian affairs in the English language is so unsatisfactory, in the seventeenth and in the eighteenth centuries "there was scarce a Gazette without mentioning something of it"; and the author of an introduction to a book on the Ukraine wrote that in his opinion his "short Treatise will not be unseasonable since most have their eyes upon this country".

There was quite a literature at that time on the Ukraine of the day in the English language, and while much of this literature was translated from the French, the original English matter was not lacking. A couple of months ago a map was presented to the museum of Kherson, a map of the Ukraine drawn in 1562 by an Englishman, Anthony Jenkinson. It is the oldest foreign-drawn map of the Ukraine that has been found so far, since the famous "Descriptio Ucrainæ" of the Frenchman, M. Beauplan (an excellent copy of this map is preserved in the British Museum in the "Largest Book" of the Library), was not drawn before the second half of the seventeenth century, when the Ukraine, under Hetman Khmelnisky, was at war with the kingdom of Poland.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
V. Stepankowsky.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

Providence U.S.A., 5 September 1912.

Sir,—There seems to be a general impression in England that Mr. Taft has benefited himself politically by signing the Canal Bill; at least, the fact that a Presidential campaign is on is offered as an explanation for his act. The practical unanimity among the influential newspapers of the United States in condemning the Bill indicates that the reverse is true. The American people as a whole hardly deserve the reputation for perfidy which this outrageous piece of legislation gives them, and you will find, I am sure, that they will resent at the polls such a stain upon the national honour. Many Republicans propose to vote for Governor Wilson on this ground alone.

The melancholy failure of Mr. Taft, who entered office generally respected, was recognised long before he covered himself and the country with this crowning infamy. But not until now has there been such well-nigh universal execration of his spineless incapacity.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
Edward Fuller.

THE RAIN AND THE FARMER.

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

Bourne, 16 September 1912.

Sir,—While not wishing in any way to minimise the serious amount of damage done to British arable farming by the recent abnormal rainfall, I am inclined to think that the case has been rather overstated by you in an article entitled "The Rain and the Farmer". Of the estimated losses you put that upon wheat at £2 per acre, and state that "the corn is

damaged past any possibility of use for human food". From practical experience of the new wheat I have no hesitation in saying that at least 70 per cent. will be converted into flour; it is certainly in a very moist condition just now, but it will mature in the stacks and meet a better market later in the year when the stream of American winter wheat (which is the principal autumn competitor of the home-grown article) has somewhat dried up. The depreciation in value, which is placed at 10s. per quarter, is certainly exaggerated; 5s. or 6s. is quite a maximum figure, and as against this we must not lose sight of the fact that had the British and other Western European wheat crops been secured in perfect order the whole range of current values would have been upon a considerably lower basis; moreover, this year's wheats contain from 5 per cent. to 7 per cent. more moisture than the normal, which in itself represents a gain to the producer of 6s. to 8s. per acre.

I do most emphatically controvert the statement that, "as far as the brewer is concerned, all the barley south of the Humber may be left out of consideration". This is most misleading, and while possibly not quite so large a proportion of the barley may find its way to the mash-tun as of wheat to the flour-mill, yet the barleys are thoroughly matured, will modify well, and as malt promise to give higher yields of extract than last season. They have lost their colour and will not be suitable for brewing pale or light ales, but will make very useful malts for the running beers, which are the staple of the trade. Lower and more sprouted grades can be worked up by malt roasters and utilised by porter brewers. As regards the range of values in barley as a world proposition, it is probably on a higher basis than at any time during the past twenty years.

Farmers have gone through more troublous, albeit less trying, times than the present. They have sold good wheats and barleys round about 25s., and even down to less than 20s. in 1894. A series of fairly prosperous seasons has placed them in a much better position to meet the present strain, and they are doing very well with their livestock, thanks to the abundance of "keep". The proverbial grumble is conspicuous by its absence this year, which above all others should warrant it. The farmers are facing ugly facts with true British pluck, and nothing could be more ill-judged or ill-advised in their interests just now than the issue of statements which may impair their credit as a class, at a time when every assistance, financial or otherwise, is required to enable them to hold their products until they can be marketed to best advantage for the producers themselves and the community at large.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
ALBERT E. K. WHERRY.

UNIONIST LAND POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Thurlow, Suffolk, 16 September 1912.

SIR,—Will you permit me to suggest that, while eulogising the legislation promised by the Unionist caucus, you do not attempt to make out any case against our ancient system of land tenure? In this you take the same line as the politicians, who quietly assume that revolution is necessary and refuse to justify their assumption by facts.

One very simple and obvious reform on the other side has been persistently ignored by the Unionist party—the exemption of small tenements from death duties. If a thing is wanted by the public, the sound line to take, as political economists of all schools argue, is not to tax its production. If cottages are desired, the best way to secure their erection is to allow them to escape the terrific burdens which Radicals have laid on the devolution of landed property.

Yours faithfully,
C. F. RYDER.

[The ancient system of land tenure in England is in many ways an excellent, a splendid, thing. Why should we "make out any case" against it because we think there is room and the need for many more of the yeomen farmers who were such a strength in England in old days?—ED. S. R.]

A CHALLENGE TO FREE FOODERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Balham, 17 September 1912.

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Immo S. Allen, in his challenge to Free Fooders, argues that all persons should contribute towards the expenses of the State. I agree with him; but this contribution ought to be according to services received and in copper, silver or gold, whichever of these metals the individual has to think in.

I also agree that a tax on foodstuffs (though not the most economical form of taxation) would be the most convenient and at the same time a reasonably fair form of taxation, since it would touch all—workers, non-workers, drinkers, smokers, teetotalers and non-smokers—if it could be restricted to imports.

Finally, I agree with Mr. Allen that the consumers would have to pay the food taxes, and here we part company.

The untaxed foodstuffs which we at present import are *not* substitutions for our own productions, but additions to them, and bear a certain relative value to them; therefore, any variation in the price of the one affects in some degree that of the other. For instance, English butter has in England a relatively higher value than the imported butter—a penny or so in the pound. Now, if you increase the price of imported butter you also make a corresponding increase in the price of the English butter. On the other hand, the imported wheat has a relatively higher value than the home-grown—say, two or three shillings a quarter. Now, if the price of the imported wheat be raised, then the price of the home-grown wheat is bound to rise also. Consequently, the imposition of taxes upon imported foodstuffs would have the effect of imposing a tax upon the home productions. There would be no grounds for grumbling at this double taxing if the whole of the proceeds went into the State coffers; but, unfortunately, only that portion collected by the Customs officials would find its way into these coffers, the other portion would remain in the pockets of the producers and middlemen, an arrangement to which Free Traders have a decided objection.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES LEWIS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wetheringsett Manor, Stowmarket, Suffolk,
16 September 1912.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Allen's challenge to Free Fooders I will endeavour to take up the gauntlet on behalf of Free Trade. Living in a somewhat poor agricultural district, I have some knowledge of the people affected. There is no doubt that the weekly insurance contributions are hardly felt by the worker, but to shift the liability on to an additional tax on food would be making things worse, because the consumer pays the tax, consequently the poor would have to pay more for their food. Besides, admitting for the sake of argument the hardship of the insurance payments, two wrongs do not make a right.

Being obliged to buy in small quantities, the poor already pay considerably more than the rich for their commodities. Imported corn should come in free, being the mainstay of the working man's table. The bad crops in many parts of Great Britain this season are counterbalanced by the good ones in the Argentine and North America, and, thanks to Free Trade, corn will come in without a duty. So that instead of what would have been considerably enhanced prices to the poor they will not be affected. A man with a wife and large family, as many have, earning 15s. weekly, average wage hereabouts, would feel enormously any addition to the price of food.

Yours faithfully,
H. T. MORGAN.

XUM

THE OLD-WORLD JESUIT AND THE MODERN STATE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 September 1912.

SIR,—I have read the very able article on "The Old-World Jesuit and the Modern State" with much interest and greater perplexity. Does the writer, as a piece of subtle irony or a counsel of despair, advise us to become Radicals of the Manchester school in order to combat Socialism? What is in fact the moral (I had nearly written morality) of his article? Surely the antidote to the socialistic conception of the State and its inevitable incubus—bureaucracy—is to be looked for not from the substitution of a theory that ruins the fundamental idea of the State by reducing it to a mere matter of machinery to be scrapped and replaced whenever convenient, and therefore no more worthy of regard than a saucepan. It is to be sought in the growing idealistic revival which on the one hand is gradually restoring and re-creating our religious ideals, and on the other slowly but surely substituting biological for materialistic and mechanical conceptions of government.

This revitalisation of the theory of government implies in the long run a total change and conversion in the attitude of the ordinary official towards the people with whom he has to deal. At present he mainly regards them as items and units in the national or local ledger, which he dockets and invoices like so many yards of cloth or calico. The two things he is most intolerant of are individuality and originality, or in other words the normal irregularities and excrescences of life—because they refuse to lend themselves to routine classification. In a word, the statistician (a very useful person in his place) is usurping the place of the statesman, who deals with, or should deal with, men as well as measures. But the statesmen of the past, whether Churchmen or laymen, were animated by very different ideals. The Churchman could not forget he was dealing with living things, and the layman if he came from the country was saturated with countryside conceptions. If on the other hand he came from the town he came as the representative of some guild or organisation, the nominee of his peers, and filled with the ideals of the craftsman and not of the mechanic. It is with these ideals that the State in the future will have to be still further revitalised unless it is to degenerate into an infernal machine which will end by blowing up itself and all connected with it.

The laisser faire—laisser aller—solution is the blind alley of politics.

Yours faithfully,
RESPICE FINEM.

"ICHABOD!"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dresden, 4 September 1912.

SIR,—I trust you will allow me to air a musical grievance and find space for a somewhat lengthy letter in consequence. When, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty, the real searcher after "good music" wanted to find and satiate himself therewith, he went to Dresden; now, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twelve, if he is wise, wild horses should not drag him there on such a futile errand! Such is the sorrowful conclusion arrived at and the outcome of a recent stay in the Saxon capital. Only to one class of visitors from England and America—the class which now preponderates there—can it be (and is) possible to listen twice to the performance of any opera as now given by the once famed "Hof Opern Haus Orchester"; and of that class, together with a sprinkling of worthy Dresden burghers and burgesses, the audience in the Opera-house mainly now consists. And this class?—which fills to overflowing the "Parkett", the "Rangs", the "Loges", enthusiastically clapping every solo, applauding alike stout soprano and unwieldy tenor, indiscriminately bestowing approbation on the "heavenly voice" and "purrfectly divine" acting of Herr S—— and Frau C——, this class whose paying presence is so continuously and obviously catered for and whose absence is so dreaded by the "Direktion"—this class I name, and naming fain would pillory—"the Pensionat's Töchter"!

Where, thinks the calculating, if unmusical, manager, would Dresden opera be without the "Schwärmerei", the gush, of Albion's Kluge Töchter and their fair cousins from the States? Why talk, indeed, any more of the "Entrüstung", of the preparation of armaments against Germany, when already this important outpost of Saxony is in the hands of the enemy? Go where you will, turn where you can, Dresden's streets are full of *her* and Dresden's Opera-house fuller!

That fond fathers and mothers should firmly believe in the future Melbas and Nerudas to whom they have given birth is not surprising, but that the entire efforts of a once great musical centre should now be directed apparently solely to the pleasing of this race of young female geniuses is more than astounding—it is sad and demoralising. Sad: for the sight (and we saw it) of an ausverkauft Haus for the "Zigeuner Baron" and an empty one for "Fidelio", and the hearing both, equally indifferently rendered by actors, actresses (with the important exception in the latter of Leonora herself), and orchestra, is heartrending to anyone who has heard Dresden opera in its prime, when Lauterbach was first violin and Malten and Gudehus sang and acted; and it is demoralising; for the nightly performance of light and badly librettoed modern operetta (Offenbach, Johann Strauss etc.) to the ignoring of real opera, and the pandering perpetually to the "modern spirit and taste" (which spells noise and vulgarity in most, if not all, things), is only a wholesale lowering of the greatest of all arts and tends, directly, to the decadence of the artists told off to such performances, and, indirectly, to the ruin of future operatic art.

What, too, will become of the aforementioned hundreds of Pensionat Mädchens who annually keep Dresden's "Pensions" and opera going, who nightly give their all-sufficing verdict after their first hearing of "Hoffmann's Erzählungen" etc.? How are they to develop into the future great female performers, or even composers, as is fondly predicted and believed by their friends, if only by a very occasional interpolation of a badly acted and imperfectly played "Wagner opera" are they to have (O banal phrase!) "their musical taste educated"? And how shall they ever hear of, much less hear, one Mozart under the present régime and the repertoire it offers them?

One sees but little hope of reform. Of musical garbage there is no end—and the needful scavenger, the German Runciman! (if he will pardon the metaphor) "the one strong man in a blatant land", as yet is not! Dresden's worst musical foe is herself: for the Mutual or Self-Praise League to which her regular musical critics seem to belong precludes the favourable acceptance of outside performers, and any foreigner is almost from the outset doomed to failure; so that Dresdeners must perforce listen to Dresdeners, and they again be compared with other Dresdeners, and the actor or actress who sings and acts a little less badly than the others is next morning written up in the Dresden daily papers, and forthwith placed on his or her Dresden pedestal: outside competition or comparison is "streng verboten" and woe to the "Nicht Eingeborener"!

In truth there is only one thing to be done: by the parents of the above referred to young ladies, by us, and by anyone who has ears to hear! and with one foot in train and one on the Dresden platform we dare to proclaim it—"Leave Dresden and go to—Munich!" for over Dresden and her (present) "Hof Oper" the finger of fate has written large "Ichabod", the glory has departed.

Yours faithfully,
FREQUENT VISITOR TO DRESDEN.

XUM

REVIEWS.

BARBARA AND CELARENT.

"A New Logic." By Charles Mercier. London: Heinemann. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

"A Short History of Logic." By Robert Adamson. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1911. 5s. net.

"Thought and Things; or, Genetic Logic." Vol. III. By James Mark Baldwin. London: Allen. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

THE two latter works are by serious and unbending logicians, but Dr. Mercier is like a small boy throwing mud at a statue, and then making faces at the policeman from behind a corner. He bears many medical letters after his name, and it was as a specialist in insanity that he began to examine the "logic of tradition" which, the publishers tell us, he here indicts as "irrational and stultifying", and holds up to "derision and contempt" as guilty of "inconsistency, antinomy, puerility and absurdity". The issues raised are such as "can be as well decided by the man in the street as by the professor of logic", from whom indeed Dr. Mercier expects the fate accorded to noxious vermin. Even his friend Mr. Cannan, the Oxford expert who read the first two drafts of the book, "condemned it unsparingly", and persuaded the author to "eliminate many crudities". But Dr. Mercier says that, like Elihu's, his "belly is as wine that hath no vent", and he is certain that his New Logic will hold the field at least as long as Aristotle's has done. The latter is so moribund that "it is scarcely worth while to stuff a pillow into its mouth and suffocate the creature". As for Modern Logic Dr. Mercier confesses he does not understand it. He is himself an outsider, an irregular practitioner, but he has discovered modes of reasoning "hitherto unknown to logicians", and now presents "an organised and coherent body of doctrine, covering the whole field of reasoning, growing naturally from a single root, and forming an harmonious and interdependent whole".

What the system is we have been quite unable to grasp. Dr. Mercier's discovery is on a par with that of the cranks who prove that the earth is flat. He means to be revolutionary, but is merely tiresome. His jocosity is partly infantine and partly elephantine. It would be a waste of our space to say more about his New Logic, were it not that the substitution of rule of thumb for science and law in the analysis of reasoning is now advocated by logicians of repute, and that the syllogism is being represented as a M. Jourdain, whose pedantic fence may be put to ridicule by any housemaid. The truth is that Formal Logic ought to take a great deal more notice than it has done of the complexities of human thought and language. The ancient illustrations were puerile; the post-Baconian ones have reflected a desire to propitiate utilitarian menace by jejune affirmations of a pseudo-scientific kind about sodium and the planets. Whereas the real development of Logic should be along the line of actual thinking and speech. There are hundreds of ways, e.g., in which A, E, I, and O—All X's are Y, No X's are Y, and so forth—may be idiomatically expressed. Such a logic would be perfectly formal, for it would not concern itself with the content of the terms, which might still be expressed by symbols, but only with the rational relations of the judgments concerning them. It would accept the data supplied to its mill, and merely grind them out by the laws of ratiocination. But it would cease to be barren and unequal to the subtlety of human thought. Human logic cannot abstract itself from the moulds of conceptual thought, for it necessarily manipulates human judgments, and such judgments involve a quantitative and qualitative relation between subject and concept. Logic is not equational, like algebra. It is not "S = M, M = P, ∴ S = P", but "S is M, whatever is M is P, ∴ S is P". And in real thought simple proportions like these are apt to disguise themselves in endless shapes. Thus, "All M's are P" may appear in the form "Only P's are M", or "To be M is to be P", or "No not P's are M", or "Where M is P is", or "Is there any M that is not P?" or "P-ness is an attribute which goes with M-ness" or "M-ness is a peculiar attribute of P's", with other variations. Clothed in idiom, the simple proposition takes myriad forms, which the logician may be required to analyse. Thus "multi societate tutiores" looks like a particular affirmative, but it is universal. So also, "Many a little makes a mickle". "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is a universal, but not because of "all" and "no". So, again, "Accidents will happen", or "Ut ameris ama", or "They manage things better in France", or "So many men, so many minds", or "Aide-toi, Dieu t'aidera". An illustration of "All not X's are Y" might be, "Be my brother or I will kill you". But at every point logic needs to be brought into living touch with the complexities of constructive thought. Dr. Mercier, like Bradley and others who are trying to remove the linchpin of reasoning through universals, is always claiming to have caught logic out by propounding verbal conundrums in a smart and bullying Old Bailey manner. "Don't scratch your head", he thunders, "but answer me at once. The gentlemen of the jury are plain Englishmen out of the street, and will listen to no nonsense about not modifying the copula or quantifying the predicate. Don't stand there and quibble about rules of the syllogism. Don't tell the Court about Barbara and Celarent—doubtless improper characters. In an enlightened age are the civil and religious liberties of my countrymen to be trifled with by superstitious talk about an Excluded Middle? Let me tell you, sir, that a free-born Briton will not permit himself to be compelled to declare that a thing either is so-and-so or is not, if he chooses to say it is something else." Dr. Mercier claims to have invented a new Logic because from "No pigs fly, no pigs hop" the syllogism deduces nothing, whereas his "Method of Explication" infers that pigs neither fly nor hop. His other triumphs are equally childish, when not blunders. From "All men are liars" (= "Lying is common to all men") he actually proves the quantifying of predicates! He is sound, however, on the distinction between Logic and mathematics, and we agree with him that the so-called copula, the verb "esse", "to be", in all its tenses, moods and persons, must possess an existentional force. Not that the existence of either A or B is implied in "All A's are B", but only that whatever existence A's have they have in the form B—if any A's exist they exist as B. A general proposition is necessarily hypothetical, and every hypothetical may be expressed categorically. We may say indifferently, "A wet June puts all in tune", or "If a June is wet, it puts all in tune".

The second book on our list is an expansion of the article on logic contributed by the late Professor Adamson to the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica". It is a useful historical summary of the subject, Dr. Adamson's own view of logic being that it is a theory of methodic knowledge in its general aspects, involving a metaphysical analysis. It is formal, as being unconcerned with the concrete matter of special sciences, but not formal in the sense of the Aristotelian or school logic. The mid-Victorians despised the latter, as having no bread-and-butter value, like the general principles of Science. But, however logic be defined, it is most desirable, in the interests of philosophic lucidity, that these two studies should not be lumped together. An inquiry into the laws which govern the rational connexions of thought is wholly distinct from Method. The analysis of reasoning, i.e. of valid consecution in thought, may conceivably be not worth undertaking, though it is really an amazingly large and fruitful investigation. But at any rate it should be left by itself, and only connected with rhetoric and grammar. Even the Aristotelian and scholastic logic was not unmixed with ontology—thus a really formal Logic knows nothing of genera and species, of essences and accident, but only of universals and particulars. But we cannot pursue the subject

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further. We will postpone making any remarks about Dr. Baldwin's "Thought and Things" until the concluding, or fourth, volume reaches us. But if anyone wants to know what Genetic Epistemology means, and is very courageous, here is the chance.

BONAPARTE.

"With Napoleon at Waterloo." Edited by MacKenzie Macbride. London: Griffiths. 1911. 15s.

THE title of this book is somewhat misleading. One would imagine that it dealt mainly with personal reminiscences of the Emperor at Waterloo. Two short and hitherto unpublished memoranda supposed to have been written by two of Napoleon's aides-de-camp, however, are the only chapters which refer to the subject. The journal of Jardin Aîné was found amongst the papers of a collector of manuscripts; and the other is unsigned, although the compiler of the volume is satisfied as to its authenticity. But it does not convince us. Although, like several other chroniclers of this epoch—De Bourrienne especially—the author writes with extreme bitterness about Napoleon, we can hardly conceive that any man, however much he may have hated the hand that fed him, could refer to Napoleon throughout as "Buonaparte". Habit should have caused him, if not to use the Imperial designation, at least to have used the style of spelling which had been adopted for many years: and for this reason, amongst others, we are inclined to doubt the authenticity of the document. The controversy as to the name is, of course, well known. But we may briefly summarise the facts. When Napoleon's first commission as a French officer was signed by Louis XVI. in 1775, the name appears in the Italian style "Napoleone de Buonaparte". It was afterwards stated that the date of his birth was 15 August 1769—the former "fête Napoléon"—and that the date of Joseph Bonaparte's birth, his reputed elder brother, was 8 January 1768. The dates are important, because between the two periods Corsica, the land of both their births, became French territory. Thus, if these dates are correct, Napoleon was born a Frenchman and Joseph an Italian. It has since been argued that when Napoleon became a prominent man the two dates were transposed, he really being the elder; and in support of this theory, which we believe was first started by De Bourrienne, it is claimed that Napoleon's early letters to his parents show clearly that he must have been the eldest son of the family. In these he talks of his brothers and sisters and their prospects in life in an almost paternal manner, and he also writes to Joseph in the same style. We regard this, however, as very feeble evidence. So masterful a personality as Napoleon, even as a mere boy, would naturally take charge of everybody and everything which came within his reach. But whether Napoleon or Joseph were the elder does not affect the point that he invariably used the French method of spelling his surname—Bonaparte—and it is improbable that any man in such touch with him as an aide-de-camp must necessarily be, would adopt the Italian style, even if he was a disappointed man who bore some grudge against his patron. At any rate the reflections of actual cowardice and indecision in the field, contained in this document, are in no way supported by independent historical evidence, nor do we consider that the explanations offered by the late Mr. Bruce Low in this volume are to the point. According to him, Napoleon was successful against Europe simply because the conventional methods of warfare he adopted were good enough for Austrians, Prussians, Russians, and others; and that he failed in the end solely because he was at last confronted with real masters of warfare like the British commanders. No doubt some of his earlier antagonists may have been antiquated soldiers. Yet surely none but a supreme military genius could have achieved such astounding results; and, without in any way belittling the prowess of our own great soldiers, it must be admitted that had there been no Napoleon our own methods of warfare might have been equally futile against a supreme commander.

As to the other and far larger, though less important, part of the book, it contains some most interesting details of the great European struggle, especially the diaries of Sergeant Nichol and Sergeant Robertson. As the editor very rightly points out, it is incredible that men who displayed insight into affairs, and who at times had to undertake comparatively important commands, should not have been given commissions, as was done very largely in similar circumstances in the French Army at this period. There can be no question that this system had the effect of unearthing much real military capacity, as the career of several of Napoleon's marshals proves. But this was not our habit in those days. The officer caste was a close preserve; and although doubtless some "mute inglorious Miltons" and much military ability were lost to us on account of so rigid an adherence to this system, still the result was on the whole satisfactory. Altogether "With Napoleon at Waterloo" is a most interesting book. It sheds some very instructive sidelights on the military history of the period, and deserves to be widely read.

THE BOOKS OF THE EGYPTIANS.

"Egyptian Literature." Vol. I. "Legends of the Gods." Vol. II. "Annals of Nubian Kings." By E. A. Wallis Budge. London: Kegan Paul. 1912. 6s. each.

DR. WALLIS BUDGE'S literary activity is limitless. Year by year his output of books goes on steadily. Some of the books are bulky, none of them is small, and they are all addressed more or less to scholars. They all imply a large amount of reading and study, and some of them embody the results of independent research. Above all, they exhibit a wide knowledge of ancient Oriental languages, among which Egyptian and Coptic occupy a prominent place.

At the same time Dr. Budge is also known as an efficient administrator of a department in a great public institution. Under his direction the Oriental department of the British Museum has been reorganised as well as enriched by the fruits of his own frequent visits to the East. How does he find time for it all? This is the first and last question which rises to the lips whenever a new work of his is presented to the public. The mere manual labour of writing such books demands a considerable amount of time, not to speak of the research and philological attainments involved in their compilation. It is true that his works are largely made up of materials collected from elsewhere, and that in many cases they repeat under new forms what he has said in earlier publications, but this does not diminish the wonder of the achievement. Some day, perhaps, he will tell us how he manages, single-handed, to get through the work of three or four men. His latest publications are a continuation of that useful and interesting series of "Books on Egypt and Chaldæa" which have told the public what they want to know, or rather, perhaps, what they ought to want to know, about the ancient civilisations of the Nile and the Euphrates. They are intended to illustrate what Egyptian literature was like. No better way of bringing home to the mind of the modern reader the character of the old literature of Egypt could have been devised. Each text is preceded by an introduction which gives a plethora of information about everything connected with it, not excepting its modern history. Then comes a literal translation of the text itself, which is accompanied by its hieroglyphic version, thus making the book a reading-primer for those who would learn ancient Egyptian as well as a "library volume" for the ordinary reader.

The first volume very appropriately is concerned with the Legends of the Gods. Egyptian history began with the gods; they were the first rulers of the country,

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and the human kings of later days were their descendants. The stories of these divine monarchs may therefore be fittingly set at the head of Egyptian literature. Historically, indeed, they came rather late in its development; the earliest literary works of which we know belong to proverbial and ethical literature, and, like the historical novel, the history of the divine king was the product of a comparatively late period. But Dr. Budge's purpose is to illustrate and so explain Egyptian literature, not to write a detailed account of it, and works of an historical description are easier to translate and more certain in their meaning than the proverbs of a Ptah-hotep or even the travellers' tales of the Middle Empire.

The subject of the second volume, "The Annals of Nubian Kings", is equally appropriate at the present moment. The excavations at Meroe have directed the attention of scholars to the Sudan just as much as the British occupation of the country has directed to it the attention of the general public. For the present, at all events, the Sudan is more interesting than Egypt, and the past history of the Sudan ought to have a special attraction for the Englishman. It is a pity, however, that Dr. Budge has used the term "Nubian"; the kings whose annals are translated were kings of Ethiopia, not of Nubia, and to call them Nubians is to beg the question as to the affinities of the Ethiopian race. The Assyrian artists of Esarhaddon who drew an imaginary portrait of Taharka supposed him to be a negro; the native artists at Meroe give themselves distinctly Hamitic features. There is no evidence that the Nubians of Nubia, and still less the modern Nubas of the Sudan, had anything to do with the Ethiopian conquerors of Egypt.

For there was a time when Egypt was a province of the Meroitic empire. It was, moreover, a critical time in the history of the old world. Assyria was rapidly absorbing the independent kingdoms and nationalities of Western Asia; the Northern Kingdom of Israel had already gone and the existence of Judah was threatened by Sennacherib. Judah, however, was saved by the Sudanese levies of the Ethiopian king. The drawn battle of Eltekeh reduced the Assyrian army, and drew it away from Jerusalem until the beginning of the unhealthy season brought with it pestilence and disaster. That Jerusalem continued to exist up to a time when the great prophets had already appeared and the reforms of Josiah had allowed the religion of Israel to take firm hold of a considerable body of the people was the result of the Ethiopian occupation of Egypt. The "Annals" of which translations are given by Dr. Budge relate for the most part to this occupation, though the last of them belongs to a later date and is interesting on account of its mention of Cambyses. Nastasen, the King of Meroe, tells us how he sent his army against Cambyses and his army in the city of Zar, how he overthrew the invaders and captured their boats, seizing "all the cattle, and all the oxen, and all the sheep and goats, and everything whereon men live, from the city of Karu-tept to the city of Tarudi-peht". The Ethiopian king thus agrees with Herodotus in describing the expedition against Ethiopia as conducted by Cambyses himself.

OCEANIC.

"The Depths of the Ocean." By Sir John Murray, of the "Challenger" Expedition, and Dr. Johan Hjort, Director of Norwegian Fisheries. London: Macmillan. 1912. 28s.

M. OCTAVE MIRBEAU has a story of a visitor to Monaco, who, it is supposed, had spoken disrespectfully of oceanography and was given twenty-four hours to cross the frontier. "Why, certainly", he said to the polite but firm officials; "but five minutes will suffice." The airy gentleman would have had no decent opportunity for his jest had he seen even the title-page of the work now before us, and had he turned over its eight hundred learned pages and glanced at its wealth of carefully executed figures and intricate maps, he would have crawled to the house of Grimaldi and made the humblest of apologies. And yet this volume is stated to be only the general and preliminary account of the "four months' summer cruise" of the "Michael Sars", and is to be followed by a "series of quarto volumes". Truly oceanography is the pampered darling of science. There seems no limit to the money which Admiralties, scientific institutions, and individuals are willing to spend on this form of investigation, and no limit of cost or bulk for the publications setting forth the results. The fifty quarto volumes of "Challenger" Reports alone must have cost a huge fortune, and would serve as ballast for a great ship, and yet they were only the forerunners of innumerable quartos and royal quartos, tall folios and fat nondescripts, the pride and despair of every scientific library. An oceanographer cannot take an Easter cruise to the Scillies without crippling the resources of a learned society to publish his results, and only the Treasury of a great nation is adequate when a party of oceanographers has had a summer holiday and a well-equipped vessel. After profound reflection, we have discovered the reason. Oceanographers hate the sea, and, having made a trip on it, arrange to be engaged on shore for many years.

These comments are due to no undervaluation of the high importance of marine investigation or of the results that have been obtained. The waters of the globe cover a large proportion of its area, certainly more than two-thirds, and the contours of the bottom present corrugations that are more extreme than those of the land. The deepest sounding that has yet been made, taken by a United States steamer off the Ladrone Islands in the Western Pacific, was only sixty-six feet less than six miles, whilst the height above sea-level of Mount Everest in the Himalayas, the highest known peak, is only about five and a half miles. This great and moving bulk of water is of supreme importance for the human race. Study of the floors of the oceans has been one of the surest avenues to knowledge of the changes in the past distribution of land and water. The oceans are the highways of commerce, the barriers and the links between the nations, and knowledge of them is a vital part of the economy of the world. They are the birthplaces of the winds, and their currents make or mar the climates of the coasts they wash. The sea is the source of a valuable part of our food supply. Hitherto it has been treated chiefly as the primitive hunter treated the land, thoughtlessly and improvidently pillaging it. We are now beginning to learn how it may be treated, as the agriculturist treats the land, so as to give a larger and an increasing yield. Most marketable fish, it is true, come from land-locked waters and the shallow fringes of continents, but oceanographers have taught us that the fishery problems of, say, the North Sea cannot be understood or solved without knowledge of the intruding streams from the Arctic and Atlantic Oceans, and that these great expanses are in intimate correlation with the oceans of the southern hemisphere.

The sea presents an endless number of chemical, physical, and biological problems which demand wide investigation and acute interpretation for their solution. All such questions are intimately associated. The distribution and conditions of life in abyssal depths depend on problems of the surface and the shore. The sea itself is almost organic in the complex relations that exist between the whole mass and the parts. It was probably the home of the first particulate life that appeared on the globe, and it has peopled both the fresh waters and the land. It is the fount and origin, the very matrix of life. No investigation of it can be fruitless or a waste of energy.

But why must oceanographers be so profuse, overelaborate, and tedious? They dump on you the raw materials of their work, the endless laboratory notes, rough drafts, and subsidiary details from which the ordinary worker distils his published result. The book now before us is a salient example, expensive, excellently produced, elaborate, and almost unreadable

except to the expert seeking information. And it is only preliminary. A very large proportion of it will be expanded and repeated in the promised subsequent volumes. A large part of it has appeared in volumes that have already been published. Such repetitions are not only costly and unnecessary, but they will be a source of weary confusion to future workers. Take as an example the treatment of the fish. A number of new forms, species, or genera are mentioned and sometimes figured. They will have to be named, and described, and very likely refigured later on in the final volumes. There are notes on the distribution of individual fishes and lists of species obtained in particular localities. These will be repeated, no doubt, and expanded later on, or the final volumes will be imperfect without reference to this preliminary account. We should have welcomed a broad general statement of the results of the voyage, written in such a way as to arouse the interest and perhaps awaken the enthusiasm of those who are not specialists, and to serve as a guide, and, if you like, as groundbait for the waiting specialists, but we cannot congratulate the able and distinguished authors on what they are now offering.

FINNISH IDEALS.

"Finland." By Ernest Young. London: Chapman and Hall. 1912. 6s. net.

THIS is one of the best books yet published on Finland. It would answer accurately, though in bare outline, any question set in a "general ignorance" paper on the country, its history and people. The book was wanted, for although Finland has been a little "written-up" lately, recent authors have used it more as an excuse for descriptive patches or as a text for political sermons than with any idea of making the country really known to the outside world.

The main features of Finnish life are passion for education and worship of nationalism. Founded on Swedish beginnings, Finland has, in much less than a generation, built up a system of education completely suited to her people. Without an aristocracy, religion but a name, keenly anxious for prosperity, the nation has become, in a material sense, strikingly efficient. With the Finns education is not merely book memory, it aims rather at a happy combination of hand and eye, brain and body. The temptation is strong to moralise on the system as an object lesson for other nations, but we must keep our perspective clear. The peculiar conditions of northern life render comparisons doubly difficult. The people are still essentially agricultural and pastoral; they live the intimate daily round of small centres, wherein the practical absence of class distinctions gives the communistic instinct full play. Born originally of stern necessity, this instinct has been cleverly adapted to modern industrial needs, and while finding ample scope in a wide system of co-operative buying and selling incidentally has taught the peasant thrift.

Russian bureaucracy, not unnaturally from a selfish point of view, regards Finnish ideals with intense suspicion. The Russian official sees only a centre which may leaven the whole Empire with discontent. To him Finnish patriotism is rank particularist heresy. This is surely the mistake of a narrow outlook. Finland simply asks to be let alone. Her people have carefully avoided all revolutionary propaganda, and indeed regard the Imperial family with strong affection. Unfortunately their leaders have excited the country with the heady froth of doctrinaire socialism. There is too strong a tendency to mistake change for progress and book-knowledge for intellect. Single-chamber government, political sex-equality, religion simply tolerated as a useful superstition, are all elements strongly antipathetic to Russian ideas of Government, and it may be that the Finns, by their blind and headlong rush forward, will end in destroying the nationality they rightly prize so highly. It might be better to give Progress a pause.

With so intense a national spirit it is not surprising that the Finns should seek after the founding of an art and literature hall-marked as all their own. In art and architecture this spirit has led to that wild breaking away from tradition so clearly shown by their ugly naturalism and bizarrè buildings. Expert as Mr. Young is in education, our faith in him as a critic of art disappears entirely when we read of Finnish architecture that "To me it is an intense joy, even when it is ugliest and least effective; for it is daring". We should be sorry to believe that the crude materialism of most of the Finnish artists, exclusively trained, by the way, in foreign studios, in any sense reflected the ideals of the best of the Finns. The mind of the people is too healthy to bow down for long to this second-rate stuff, even though it be home-made. Before long they will discover the value of tradition and realise that true art is essentially without a country.

England is often blamed by the Finns for her refusal to take sides against Russia. Regret it as we may, the quarrel is domestic, and unless we are willing to face a European war how can we help? Other nations, too, are concerned. All one can hope is Russia may some day realise that a contented and prosperous subject nation is far more useful as a member of the Empire than a sullen, disaffected and disloyal province.

A COMEDY OF ASSUMPTIONS.

"Mrs. Lancelot." By Maurice Hewlett. London: Macmillan. 1912. 6s.

THERE is a great deal in this volume that gives food for critical reflection. Approaching it from the material side, one observes first a strictly gentlemanly cloth case, neatly lettered without any flashiness; and within, dignified printing, and a quotation from the "Iliad" on a title-page bearing a famous and respected imprint. From the initial fly-leaf we learn that Mr. Hewlett has at least sixteen books, chiefly fiction, to his name, and that these are vended both to rich and poor at prices ranging from a guinea to sixpence. Plainly, then, here is an author possessing a considerable vogue. At the end of the volume are given a series of extracts from press-notices of Mr. Hewlett's other books, which must convince the veriest novice in literature that the author is a recognised artist who must be taken seriously.

Let us then take this novel seriously. We are assured by the sub-title that it is a "Comedy of Assumptions", and we notice that it has a "Comedy with a Sting" and a "Comedy of Resolution" for predecessors. There is certainly a good deal of writing about assumptions of various kinds in the first chapter or two, and occasional references to other assumptions later. The story is set in the days of the Reform Bill, with a certain Duke—in fact, "the" Duke—as one of the principal figures, and relates how Georgiana married an anæmic and moral portent, flirted with the Duke, a married man of polygamous instincts, and fell in love with Gervase Poore, a poet. In the end she runs away with the poet, and her husband agrees to set her free. There is also an incident of the premature birth and death of Georgiana's baby. Such is Mr. Hewlett's presentation of a comedy.

Perhaps, alternatively, the story has a satirical purpose; Mr. Hewlett may be desirous of showing us how the Comic Spirit directed the hearts of men and women in the days of the Reform Bill. And the point of his satire—if we also may make an assumption—may lie in the apparent similarity between the effect of the Comic Spirit's stimulus in those days and its effect in our own. There is nothing in the historical scenery and properties that affects the interaction of the characters or colours their common humanity. A contemporary Georgiana, surrounded by modern representatives of her lunatic, her lover and her poet, would act in the same way with just as much probability. Still, it may be satire raised to a higher power; possibly Mr. Hewlett is pointing out that in the place where marriages are

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made there is laughter at the expense of a husband who loses his wife and of a wife who loses her child.

If we take "Mrs. Lancelot" seriously we cannot regard it as a comedy; but, changing our skin and making a new assumption, we find Mr. Hewlett a capital entertainer with a cynical manner. The Duke is a typical man of the world, guiding the helm of the State in a fine old self-willed, single-minded, one-ideaed manner, neglectful of his wife and adult sons, characteristically English in punctuality at dinner, gaily contemptuous of other men's proprietary rights in women, a hard worker and a hard liver; withal, a competent old sinner. Charles Lancelot, the anæmic husband, is the well-known figure of fiction—the strong, silent, married lover of his wife—cunningly perverted, at times inhumanly perverse. Gervase Poore, the young poet, can be met with now as then, and as always. A very happy chapter, quite genuine comedy for once, gives a brilliant little vignette of a real man, Tom Moore, the singer of Erin in anapæsts. Georgiana Lancelot—well, men of the Duke's type are common enough in all ages, and this is to them a typical woman, the sort they pursue and call "fair game". There is no accounting for tastes, whether we have "rounded Cape Turk" or not. It is precisely in this point that our taste fails to coincide with Mr. Hewlett's; and "Mrs. Lancelot" is not the first book of his which we have laid aside with mingled feelings of gratitude for entertainment and of psychic nausea for its cynicism.

We could well spare, moreover, a certain exotic affectation of style, which, although Mr. Hewlett often manages to make it effective, occasionally lands him in obscurity or worse. "Georgiana, at his 'My poor child, why didn't you tell me of your troubles? Come and cry on my shoulder'—obeyed him. He soothed her as a mother would a child unhappy." What is the literary excellence in separating Georgiana so far and so needlessly from her verb? What is the exact value of the difference between "a child unhappy" and "an unhappy child"? Meredith, we may be told, had faults in that kind; granted, but Meredith leaves us with a sense of psychic health.

THE LONG ENGAGEMENT.

"The Long Engagement." By E. S. Stevens. London: Mills and Boon. 1912. 6s.

SOME events can happen anywhere, for in all the countries of the world there is the daily list of births, marriages, and deaths, on which are based the comedies, tragedies, and farces of common life. Yet the place must always count for something since there are different colours which can be laid over the common groundwork. Love is the commonest theme of the story-tellers, and men and women can doubtless love as well in Lapland as in Andalusia, but allowance must be made for a change from grey skies to blue and for all which that implies. It is often said to be a dangerous thing for an author with a reputation in one class of work to attempt to establish another having no very definite connexion with the first, but the doctrine is a mere piece of commercialism. It is as though the successful ironmonger were warned against exhibiting loaves of bread in his shop window. Miss Stevens in her books of the East proved her possession of the art of narrative and of the power of an almost scientific investigation. It was the combination of the abilities to write and to understand. In her journey towards the West she gave us "The Lure", but it was a novel of passage in more senses than one, and the time has come to forget it, for with "The Long Engagement" we may count her at home in England. Certainly it is no business of the critic to settle the subject on which an author may write, and it would be merely impertinent to suggest a choice of continents. As well might one demand the compulsory adoption of the quill for all manuscripts. Miss Stevens has chosen to make a change in her scene, and nothing remains but to watch for her success or failure in producing her new colour scheme. For the rainbow shades which are lost she has attempted to find no substitutes. She uses grey in all its tints, but there is scarcely ever a break for blue, although we find all the changes which lie between the twilight of the dove and the twilight of the raven.

This, then, is the story of love in a mist, and we can understand why the vision so presents itself to one almost new to writing of English life. The incidents are few, and there is but one, at the end, which suggests the guile of the dramatist. Some people will call it dull reading, but there is matter in it to charm those who have the time and the wish to follow patiently. The story is of a man and a woman born in decent circumstances, engaged to one another, and holding themselves through many years too poor for marriage. On this skeleton Miss Stevens has built, and built successfully, avoiding alike the inanities of parlour comedy and the easy path of the pathos-monger. Doubtless the situation of the man and the woman had its original at about the time when our fathers discovered that a metal instrument would cut up a dinner with less trouble than the usual piece of flint, yet on these old bones living flesh can be put, for the characters seldom appear as creatures of artifice. The man, the less sensitive being of the pair, bearing his burden with resignation, lacks the thought that the other partner to the bargain may want the strength he brings to the sorry business of waiting by routine. Since his own life has been divided in performance of certain stereotyped duties, he has naturally come to possess the conformist conscience; he lacks, in short, the spirit to rebel against the apparent necessities. With the woman it is otherwise, for the rebel blood is in her and she knows the supreme value of discontent as a means of gaining happiness. After the way of her kind she comes into the danger of exchanging bad for worse, and the "sudden success" device of the novelist is needed to put matters right for the final chapters. The episodes of her second engagement and of the man's conquest of fortune seem to lower the book towards the level of the ordinary. Surely her onslaught against the tyranny of custom should have been enough to wake her lethargic lover from his dream of the continuity of days. The compact ending suggests too much the close of a puppet show.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Indian Scene." By J. A. Spender. London: Methuen. 1912. 3s. 6d. net.

It is not long sojourn in a country or knowledge of its language and customs or an awful familiarity with its "facts and figures" that entitle a man to write a good book on that country. Some of the most ill-written and least-interesting books about foreign countries have been written by Englishmen who have lived for a long time in those countries. Padgett M.P. is in the wrong place in the House of Commons; but if he has a spark of genius, or even if he has talents and a vision well above the average, he may write a book about Africa or Asia on the strength of a week's tour there which will be of more value than a whole roomful of dry, lifeless works by authorities without imagination and the gift of words. The author of this little collection of sketches and reflections is not of the Padgett order; he is remote as a man can be from it, but, like Padgett, he has spent only a matter of weeks in India. The result, thanks to an uncommon literary skill, and still more to vision and imagination, is a book suggestive and intellectual throughout. Many people read the sketches as they appeared in the "Westminster Gazette", and we suppose that most readers who are at all concerned in journalism or literature recognised the author, who has a position singular and unassailed in his calling to-day. About ninety-nine travel books in each hundred are meant to be "remaindered" within a few months. This, however, is not one of the ninety-nine.

"P. Vergili Maronis opera omnia." London: The Riccardi Press, Macmillan and the Medici Society. 1912. Two vols. 31s. 6d. net.

The two new volumes of the Classics from the Riccardi Press, containing the entire works of Vergil, are, as were the other classical volumes already issued from the same Press, worthy of the highest praise. The text used for this

Vergil is that of Professors Henry Nettleship and Postgate; so that those of us who turn to this edition with the curiosity of the pure, exacting scholar will have little to complain of. But, fortunately, even in these days of hustle, cheapness, and tit-bits there are not a few of us over whom, though we cannot profess to be fine scholars, the Classics do still retain their unspeakable fascination; and it is part of the reverent affection we have for them which leads us to care that the form in which we read them should be appropriately a dignified form. Assuredly in this respect it would be impossible to desire even with the most fastidious taste any books more admirable than these the Riccardi Press is giving us. Their type is eminently distinguished and clear to read; it is free from any sort of affectation, and, following the tradition of fine manuscripts and printing, it is beautifully set upon the page; on each page, or rather each couple of pages—for the open book, it must be remembered, is the true unit in printing—we have a finely disposed arrangement of black-and-white agreeable to the eye; and yet there is no decoration, as has been too often the case in the modern revival of printing, to distract our attention from the text. Lastly, each volume is conveniently light in the hand. Such are some of the many virtues characteristic of these really incomparable editions; and by reason of them no doubt the collector will hasten to secure and set these volumes on his shelves. But we are sure that it is not only to the collector that they will make appeal. If they are not, as no doubt is the case, just for everyday rough usage, yet for use they are, and not merely for show. In our quiet moments of poetical and literary appreciation they will be the precisely satisfying form in which we are glad to refresh ourselves with the masterpieces of Latin literature. May we end by expressing a hope that what the Riccardi Press is doing so excellently, so uniquely, for the Latin writers it may some time see its way to doing also for the Greek? Let us suggest, for instance, to start with—a Theocritus!

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15me Septembre.

This number contains the best article we have yet seen on the late Emperor of Japan. Le Marquis de la Mazelière writes with great knowledge and sympathy of the recent history of Japan and the career of Mutsuhito. He makes clear the extreme ability of the man and the skill with which he guided his country into strange waters. Although Japan has a Parliament there has been no real break with the past. The Emperor has taken the place of the military caste. A greater and more sudden change has never been seen than that which was effected by the transformation of a semi-divine but shrouded and ineffectual potentate into a popular despot. But Mutsuhito did not attempt the

(*Continued on page* 372.)

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XUM

impossible task of governing by himself. He has worked by means of Ministers whom he has chosen and trusted. He himself led the simplest of lives, and repaid the adoration of his people by persistent devotion to their service. He conciliated the reforms initiated by his Ministers with the precepts of his ancestors. Even according to Western ideas he was a very great ruler. M. René Doumic writes in an appreciative style on the literary work of M. Beaunier, who is about to take his place on the "Revue" as the writer of the monthly article on current literature. M. Doumic will not be lost to us; he is to undertake the dramatic criticism, and will handle the literary history of France in a somewhat different fashion.

BOOKS ON ART.

"The Venetian School of Painting." By E. March Phillipps. London: Macmillan. 1912. 7s. 6d.

This book would not claim a place among works of reference proper; at the same time it would be a fair introduction for an ordinary acquaintance with Venetian painting. Miss Phillipps expressly states that no work exists in English which deals as a whole with the Venetian school. Surely she has overlooked Berenson's "Venetian Painters", which, to be candid, deals with its subject more synthetically than the book before us. Indeed within the limits she has set herself Miss Phillipps might have designed her study as a whole, and in detail a little more orderly. There is small practical value, in a book intended to be "carried round" when visiting the original works, in descriptive description of obvious surface facts—for example, "The attendant angels look on with an air of sweet interest". We do not mean that there is any false sentiment in such description, but rather question whether more attention to her painters' technical and mental development, as illustrated in a few typical examples, would not have stimulated in her readers a more intelligent observation. Her treatment of the more important men, Titian, Bellini, etc., is more ordered because her study of them has been more thorough; but even then her thread is sometimes snapped by irrelevant discursions. However, there is no question but that her sympathetic and obviously sincere study will be helpful. We note that she does not include the Victoria and Albert Museum Crivelli in her list; a small but beautiful example worth visiting. Perhaps Mazzola and Marziale, as pupils of Giovanni and Gentile Bellini, are of sufficient interest to have been included in her summary of the Bellinesque painters.

"D. Y. Cameron: An Illustrated Catalogue of his Etched Work." With Introductory Essay and Descriptive Notes on each Plate by Frank Rinder. Glasgow: MacLehose. 1912. 84s.

As books on art go few will have the permanent demand of works of reference. Only in quite recent years have writers devoted their labour to cataloguing living artists' work, thus attempting to make posterity immune from the harassing problems that surround collectors, and incidentally create innumerable staffs of trained experts. None but those who have attempted such work can fully estimate the labour, the patience, and scrupulous care that Mr. Rinder has given to this catalogue of Mr. Cameron's etchings from "No. 1, Paisley Abbey, 1887, to No. 434, A Queen of Chartres, 1912". When we reflect that within these numbers two, three, or four states of the great majority of plates have been described we get a clearer clue to the work involved. Of every plate an illustration is given, necessarily on a considerably reduced scale; the prime purpose of the book being practical service to serious collectors rather than sumptuous show. Mr. Rinder's introductory essay is a fine contribution to the rare criticism that adequately endeavours to express the significance of art, seeing in art not a topographical record, but a reflection of the infinite. As a detail we note his verdict that "almost without exception the cutting down of plates (on Mr. Cameron's part) has falsified the first and finer intention". This opens a question of absorbing interest, how far can an artist be relied on in judging his own work; what are the relative values of his unreasoned impulse and his critical judgment?

"Catalogue of Dutch Painters." By Hofstede de Groot. Vol. IV. J. Ruisdael, Hobbema, A. v. de Velde, Paul Potton. London: Macmillan. 25s. net.

The nature and scope of Dr. de Groot's Catalogues Raisonnés need no special introduction or explanation. For his purpose we suppose his succinct biographies could not be bettered. He raises again, we note, the question of Hobbema's National Gallery "Avenue of Middelharnis", strongly doubting whether the apparent date, 1689, is possible. "It appears impossible that anyone", he says, "who at thirty abandons painting in favour of gauging wine-casks should at the age of fifty become all at once capable of producing a masterpiece like the 'Avenue', the finest picture next to Rembrandt's 'Syndics' which has been painted in Holland". Here we completely fail to follow Dr. de Groot, firstly in rating the "Avenue" above every Rembrandt but the "Syndics" (which privately we should rank much lower among Rembrandt's masterpieces), and then in considering it so remarkable as to transcend not only Ruisdael, but also Hobbema's own earlier work. As for the disputed barely legible date it certainly is nearer 1689 than 1669; and on stylistic grounds the picture seems to fall into Hobbema's cold-toned rather niggling period, admittedly superior as it is to most of his late work. Recent investigation, by the way, has found more signatures on the National Gallery Ruisdaels than Dr. Groot records. Dr. de Groot's lists of the masters' pupils and imitators are especially valuable.

"Nature in Italian Art." By Emma Gurney Salter. London: Black. 1912. 7s. 6d. net.

The object of this volume, according to the author's preface, is to trace the development of landscape from the summary conventions of Giotto to its magnificent culmination in the Venetian School. It is no small claim, but, subject to the limitations of space, Miss Salter has done her work well and produced a volume of real value to the student of Italian art. The fact, too, that it contains both a general and a topographical index renders it of the greater practical use. The charm of these Italian backgrounds is apt to be overlooked in the interest of the central action until we come to the Venetians, when landscape first fully came into her own. In connexion with Moretto's fine landscape settings, the author might well have illustrated the wonderful "S. Giustina" of the Vienna Gallery, with its luminous sky and silvery distance. Where everything has been brought so well up to date, including a reference to the Venetian Exhibition at the Burlington Club last winter, one may be forgiven for expressing surprise that such an anachronism as "Vittore" Pisano should have escaped notice.

"Van Eyck." By J. C. M. Weale. "Masterpieces in Colour" Series. London: Jack. 1912. 1s. 6d. net.

The association of the names of Van Eyck and Weale carries with it a sense of authority. The younger generation appears to be endowed with the same judicial mind, not to say dryness, as the elder, and this little book is all that can be desired, considering the limitation imposed by its eighty pages of large print. Mr. Weale is contemptuous of the theory which sends Hubert Van Eyck to Jerusalem and discerns in the picture of the walled city with the three Marys belonging to Sir F. Cook, "a sketch made on the spot". He reminds the reader that the defences of the Holy City, pulled down in 1239, were not rebuilt until 1542, some hundred years after Hubert's death. The coloured illustrations are of small help to a study of these great colourists.

For this Week's Books see page 374.

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